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An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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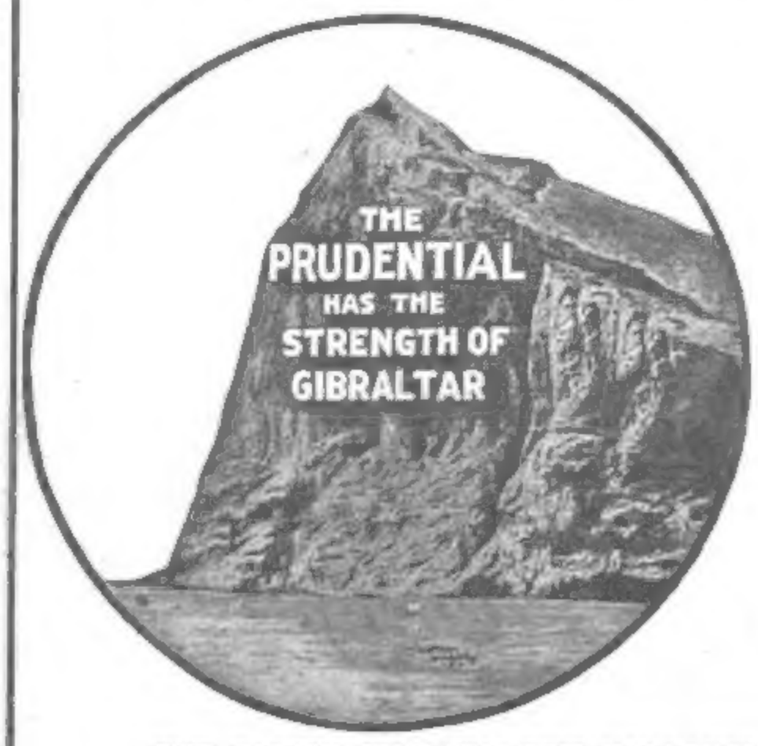

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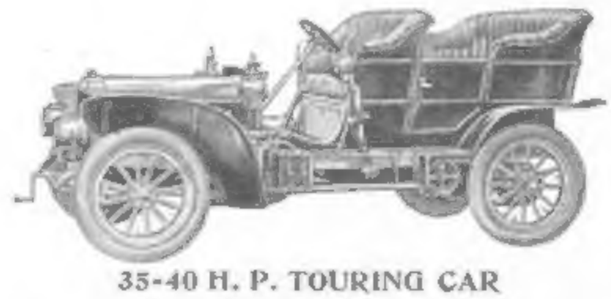

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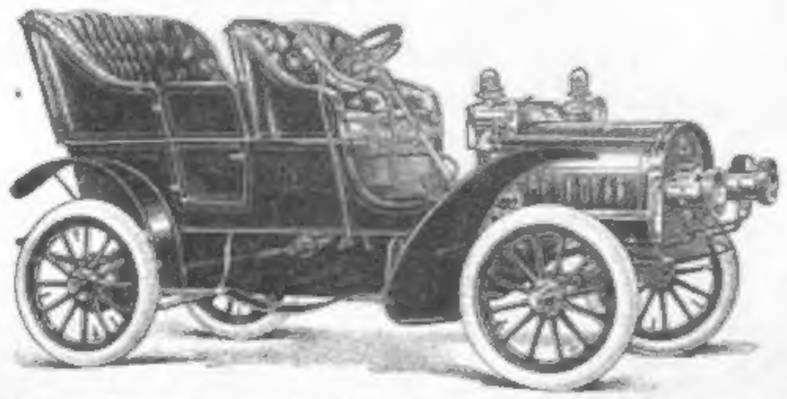

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The President on Divorce

BY JUDGE MARCUS KAVANAGH

Chief Justice of the Superior Court of Cook County, Illinois

HERE and there, the country over, there arise now and then sober, thoughtful men who insist — despite his disquieting, militant exuberance of manner, and his disconcerting trick of suddenness — that Theodore Roosevelt exhibits many signs of real greatness. While it is too absurdly near, of course — and his people are growing too fond of him — to admit of any complete measurement, yet these persons continue to point confidently to Mr. Roosevelt's dynamic perception of justice, to his fearless, scornful championship of right whenever it needs a friend, in the claim that these characteristics are ever recognized proofs of a superior mentality. They say, too, that his pioneer purposes — and they number a score — are all eagle-winged, as befits the highest representative of a great people; and lastly, they reason that he exhibits a genius for statesmanship.

Genius, in whatever direction it may be employed, is nothing more nor less than the concentrated essence of common-sense; and it must be admitted that with great common-sense Roosevelt cuts straight to the heart of his problems. An argument based solely upon usage or custom finds little weight — perhaps too little — with our Chief Magistrate, and he indulges constantly in a disquieting habit of mind which strikes instantly at an evil without regard for precedent.

For these reasons the country was not greatly surprised when, on January 30 of this year, he sent the following message to Congress:

> The institution of marriage is, of course, at the foundation of our social organization, and all influences that affect that institution are of vital concern to the people of the whole country. There is a widespread conviction that the divorce laws are dangerously lax and indifferently administered in some of the States, resulting in a diminishing regard for the sanctity of the marriage relation.
>
> The hope is entertained that coöperation among the several States can be secured, to the end that there may be enacted, upon the subject of marriage and divorce, uniform laws, containing all possible safeguards for the security of the family. Intelligent and prudent action in that direction will be greatly promoted by securing reliable and trustworthy statistics upon marriage and divorce.

There is the ring of a trumpet in that message, and it is doubtful whether the danger above which this warning is lifted was before this time sufficiently realized. It is the clearly manifest purpose of the message to rivet, if possible, the attention of the nation upon a great and growing evil.

Other Presidents, it is true, have confined their activities to matters which came within the well-defined jurisdiction of the General Government. Now, Congress has not power to legislate concerning marriage and divorce — such subjects being left to the care of the different States — and, for this very reason, there has grown up a hopelessly complex and conflicting set of laws regarding these most important matters. However, it should be well borne in mind, while considering the propriety of the President's message, that the American nation is no longer a heterogeneous collection of States; that, notwithstanding the steady flow of immigration, this people is welded into as consistent and homogeneous a race as exists upon the earth. We are all impelled by the same traditions with a common mission toward the same destiny, and are bound together by identical interest. The protection of the home is not a subject which concerns one locality, but has the same kind of direct importance pressing upon every hamlet in the land. And because the evil to which the President calls attention is national and far-reaching, it must be at once apparent that the extraordinary action of the President was not only within his prerogative, but was also justified by the highest wisdom.

True it is that most people felt, in a numb way, that something was wrong with the marriage laws. They saw, at a distance, perhaps, home after home broken up, and family after family scattered to the four winds. They knew dimly that innocent children were being forced, as it were, into a base orphanage, that women were every day becoming burdened with an ignoble widowhood, and, worst of all, an impression seemed to be gaining ground with them that the marital relation might be dissolved practically at the will of the parties directly concerned. A year's or two years' separation is all that is required in most of the States, a few minutes' hearing in court, which in many cases amounts to little more than a mere formality, a little tug at the conscience to pull the case over the steep places when one comes to testify — and the thing is done. It would be an unfortunate impression to gain credence even if unjustified, but how much worse if often upheld by the facts!

Throughout the country, in nineteen cases out of twenty, only one party appears and the case goes by default. Last year the same scene was reënacted in Chicago two thousand times. And — excepting always two great Commonwealths — it was repeated in the country at large just as often in proportion to the population of the different communities. I hesitate to put into figures a computation of the total number of cases in the United States. What can result other than "a diminishing regard for the sanctity of the marriage relation," an undermining of "the foundation of our social organization"?

"Marriage is not such a serious or permanent matter, after all," the law assures the citizen. In half of the divorce cases tried in the Chicago courts during the present year the marital relation had not existed for more than three years. It is safe to assert that the idea of the permanence of the relation in many of these instances was absent at the time of the wedding ceremony itself. All unformed and unshaped it may have been, but on the day the marriage ceremony was performed, in the minds of the contracting parties lingered the knowledge that the union was not necessarily for life.

Now the glory and strength of this Republic has been and is yet fibred by the influence of the American home. This is distinctively a land of deep-rooted homes. And there is no heritage a man or a woman can carry through the world to compare with the memory of parents grown gray together in affection beside a happy hearth.

Orphanage is an immeasurable calamity to a young child under any circumstances, and it may also be a danger-fraught care to the State. But through the orphanage of death there lingers, most times, a sustaining pride which, unfortunately, is worse than absent in the orphanage caused by divorce. Indeed, the tragedy is blackest when there are children involved, and the heaviest part of the misfortune falls upon their unoffending and defenseless heads. Luckily, in the majority of cases under consideration there are no children.

After more than twenty years on the bench and at the bar, during which every phase of human woe and gladness has passed in ceaseless procession invoking judgment, I am prepared to affirm that the best protection for a wife's happiness, the safest guard to her honor, and the strongest assurance of her husband's faithful affection is to be found in the nurture and up-bringing of her children. So far-reaching is this truth that even the recollection of a dead child is often a link of steel between the hearts of a man and a woman. And I am prepared to say, also, that there is no investment of trouble and money which in old age repays a man so well as that which he has bestowed upon the care and development of a dutiful son or daughter.

During the past year it has been my duty as one of the Chancellors of the Superior Court of Cook County, Illinois, to hear many suits for divorce, and I have kept a record of about three hundred and twenty cases. A consideration of this record may be of value because it may fairly be assumed that an analysis of these suits will present a fairly just idea of the general character of this class of litigation in the country at large. There were disposed of altogether in the courts of this county last year something over two thousand divorce cases. This record, as stated above, is generally about equal to the number of legal separations granted throughout the country in proportion to the population. Out of the three hundred and twenty last cases of which I have kept a record, one hundred and twenty were grounded for desertion, seventy-eight for cruelty, thirty-five for drunkenness, fifty-three for infidelity, and thirty-four for all other causes. In one hundred and sixty cases the parties had not lived together longer than three years, and in two hundred and ten instances there were no children born of the marriage.

It is a fact of deep significance that the vast majority of cases, perhaps ninety per cent., came from the ranks of wage-earners, or of people in very moderate circumstances. In other words, the separation divided families upon which the expense of living and support bore the heaviest, and where the misfortune of being deprived of a provider fell upon women and children least able to bear the blow.

Also it is interesting to note that religion exerted a marked influence upon the situation. In proportion to their places in the population, Roman Catholics have by far the fewest applicants, and the Episcopalians rank next lowest, while a majority of the applicants had no church affiliations — all of which demonstrates the influence of the churches in this regard.

A further consideration of these three hundred and twenty cases justifies the conclusions: first, If a married couple weather through the disillusions and troubles of the first five or six years, their chances of spending their lives together may be considered fairly good; second, This chance is greatly enhanced by the presence of children; and third, The ease with which divorce can be obtained under the law militates against the general stability of the marital relation.

This last generalization seems to me to call for more serious concern than either of the others, because it is from this general knowledge of the ease with which divorce may be obtained that so many hasty marriages result. And in these hasty marriages lies the heart of the evil.

A close view of the divorce laws in actual operation will establish these facts absolutely. For that reason we will take, if you please, for clinical examination, the proceedings of Saturday morning, February 11, 1905, when nine divorce cases were set for hearing in one of the branches of the Superior Court of Cook County. As the title of each case was called by the officer, an anxious-faced complainant with her retinue of witnesses arose from the crowd in the body of the courtroom, advanced to the bar, raised an apologetic hand, and was sworn. The applicants ranked in age from fifty years down to nineteen. Four of these were of foreign parentage, five were of American extraction.

The first woman who appeared at the bar of the court demanding redress and marital freedom spoke English with difficulty. It appeared from the testimony that she had been acquainted with her husband two weeks before their marriage, lived with him three weeks, and had filed her suit within three months after the wedding. The husband was a tailor. She based her claim upon extreme and repeated cruelty. Although no defense is made, it often happens that the judge, by pertinent questions, discloses a conspiracy between the husband and wife to obtain a divorce. So, in the present instance, under cross-examination by the Court, the charges softened considerably, and, accidentally, it appeared that the cruel defendant was loitering in the hall outside, waiting impatiently for news from the trial — not, as it might be assumed, in the desire that he would be cleared of the charge made against his good name, but rather seething with the hope that he would be found guilty. The defendant being haled unexpectedly into the courtroom and, much to his disgust, placed upon the witness-stand, another phase of the controversy appeared. It then developed not only that the acts of cruelty were surprisingly exaggerated, but also that the lady in the case, while in the carriage on the way from the marriage ceremony, had prudently inquired what proceedings were necessary and what must be proven in order to insure the procurement of a divorce! A decree was refused, to the indignant bewilderment of the complainant.

The next case was that of a woman who, when she married her present husband, had already some experience in matrimony — she having been a widow and the mother of one child. The bridegroom was a carpenter by trade. The complainant joined her fortunes to his with the best of intentions.

(Continued on Page 20)

THE PASSING OF A GRAFT

And What the Trolley Had to Do with It

By Karl Edwin Harriman

IN THE Monte Saloon of Albuquerque, New Mexico, sat a man dealing faro. Flanking the casekeeper opposite him were a negro, two half-breeds, an oily, blinking Chinaman, an Englishman in plaid clothes and laced boots, a youth who wore the sophomore stamp upon his beardless face, and a grizzled miner of perhaps seventy desert summers and hill winters. Behind this motley array loafed a little crescent of onlookers of which I chanced to be one. Save for the click of a glass now and then on the long bar, and the flip of a card as the dealer placed it on the pile at his right hand, alongside a phalanx of silver dollars arranged in neat and regular stacks, a subtle silence pervaded the room. The last card was dealt; the dealer picked up the deck and proceeded to the shuffle. The process was purely mechanical, and so it was that as he glanced along the faces before him our eyes met and clinched. I recognized Jake Cleland at once. As for him, a little look of puzzlement crossed his face; he glanced down; then he quickly raised his eyes again, smiled and nodded.

Jake Cleland dealing faro in Albuquerque was an anomaly. Jake Cleland wearing a long wig and a frock-coat, and bellowing the merits of Doctor Ames' Medicated Tooth Soap — a premium with every packet — the while a wind-flaring gasoline torch sputtered at the back of his wagon, would have been quite proper and eminently correct. For Jake Cleland was, as few as seven years ago, one of the best street fakirs in the business. He has planted premium soap, electric belts, Little Giant Corn Eradicators and Gem Rubber Novelties in every town of under 7000 inhabitants from the Great Lakes to the Mississippi. Also had he been a dextrous operator of the whirling needle at the county fairs, and in his day had sold tickets for the Wild Animal Show of a Street Carnival, as well as reigned supreme over a "graft car" with a certain railroad show of considerable popularity in the so-called Middle West. Knowing these things, it is small wonder to me that I should have experienced a certain sense of curiosity and amaze as I beheld him now, dealing presumably "square" faro, from a "square" box, in the eminently "square" Monte at Albuquerque, at least a thousand miles from his former habitat.

Obviously, something had happened to Jake: something of monumental import. What it was I meant to learn. For, you see, I liked Jake. I had encountered him by accident so often in the divers and sundry towns which it was my business to "make" that between us had developed an understanding that more than once proved to our mutual benefit. So I scribbled a line on my card and tossed it to him. He glanced at my message, shifted his cold cigar to the other end of his thin-lipped mouth, and nodded. Thus it was that our hands touched on the porch of the Alvarado Hotel shortly after midnight.

"Kinder got you, seein' me handlin' the box in the Monte, didn't it?" he inquired, as he seated himself in one of the Mission chairs and lighted the stump of black cigar that he had held cold in his mouth all the evening.

I confessed that it had.

"Nothing doing back East?" I suggested.

"Nope."

"What's the matter?" It was a bold question, but I didn't realize that then.

He crossed his long legs and leaned toward me, his arm on the ledge of the chair, and while he talked on in an undertone he emphasized a remark now and then with a flick of his right hand. What he told me as we sat together in the shadow at midnight on the porch of the Alvarado seems to me significant.

"My boy," he said, "s' far's I'm concerned, s' far's my old graft's concerned, the East has plum gone t' the dogs. From Rahway to the Mississippi — yes, to the west of Nebraska — there's nothin' doin'. She's gone up; busted."

"Suckers all dead?" I chanced.

He regarded me scornfully. "Dead!" He spat over the porch rail. "Not on your life; educated!"

He interpreted my look of inquiry aright.

"I'll tell you," he went on. "It's this way. Take it no more'n seven years ago; you know, well as I do, what the graft was *then*. Many's the time I've had a line of novelties in any one of a hundred of them dinky towns in Ohio, and Michigan, and Indiana, and Wisconsin, and Minnesota, and separated the village wits from a hundred plunks a night — me and my little old torch and my spiel. Easy money? Say, if Andy Carnegie made money as easy as I did he'd have to work more'n a week every day to give it away. The way the yaps would nearly sprain their ankles crowding up to my wagon just to git their mitts on one of them Little Wonder Packets of mine — each and every one containing four dollars' worth of jewelry, a five-year accident policy in the Kokomo Life and Casualty Company, and from a cent to a ten-dollar note — was saddening. It was, and no mistake.

"They took me for one of these philanthropists, I guess, and sometimes I wasn't able to sleep all night — my arms ached so from reaching over their heads to take the money. When I'd got all they had in their clothes I'd send 'em home, and they'd go and take down the cracked teapot and dig the sock out from under the hearthstone and be back at the wagon again the next night cryin' for more of the Little Wonders.

"And a town that would beg to be cleaned up like I'm telling you wasn't any exception, either. They were all alike. Why, one night, in Hastings, Michigan, I unloaded more'n five barrels of rainwater mixed with two quarts of wood alcohol and put up in three-ounce phials with a fine red label, marked Mother Morton's One-Night Corn Cure. And they went at ten cents a bottle like I was giving 'em away for the sake of humanity!

"Then there was the fairs. No matter what the graft was—throwing balls at the babies, chucking cocoanuts at the nigger's head stuck through a sheet, fake jewelry, wheels of fortune, the three little shells, or the faked foot-race between the village champeen and my friend from the next township—didn't make any difference what the game *was*, the yaps stood around with their mouths open and the *mazuma* in their mitts, begging me to take it. Sometimes I didn't want to, but there wasn't nothing else to do if I wanted 'em to be happy."

Jake removed his wide-brimmed, soft-crowned hat, and ran his thin fingers through his hair.

"Yes, sir," he mused, "them were what the old-timers out in the gold country'd call the halcyon days."

"But what brought about the change, Jake?" I inquired. "Can't the trick be done any more?"

"Any more?" Again he spat his disgust. "Say, do you know what would happen to me if I went back to Hastings, Michigan, and pulled off the high-pitch there to-morrow night? They'd run me in for obstructing traffic, and the next day they'd have me up before the Judge of Probate, and by night I'd be looking through the slats of the padded room in the State bug-house. No, sir, the days of my financial affluence as a result of retailing in the open market the Little Giant Wart Remover are gone, plum dead. And the trolley car did the trick."

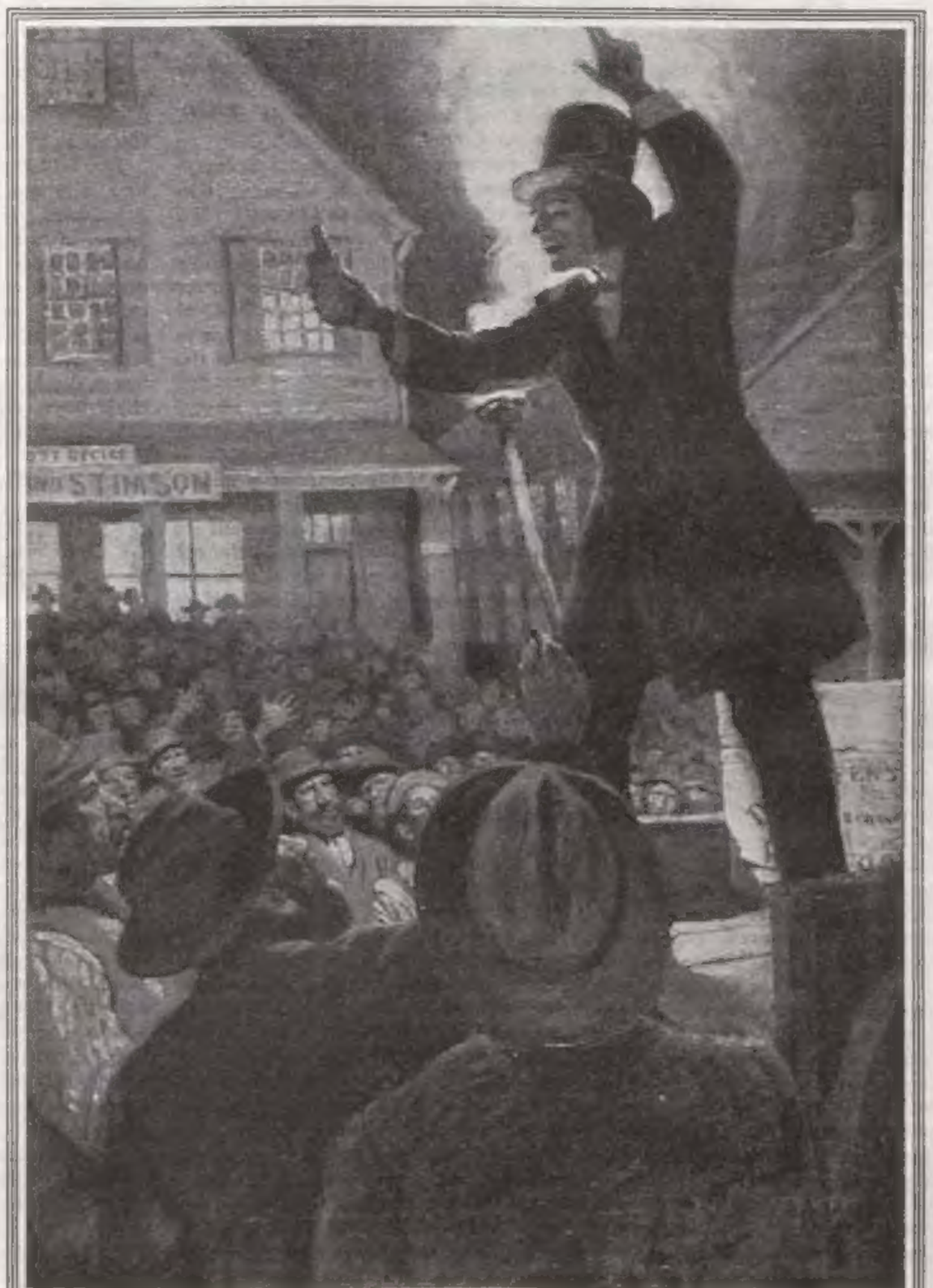
"The trolley car!" I exclaimed.

"The same. You don't see it, huh? Well, I'll tell you. I've got it all figured out, clear as sunlight. You see, when they got to running street cars with electricity in the cities back East it wasn't more'n a year or two before every town from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi had 'em. Then some wise guy come along with a bug that it might be a good thing to run those city lines into the country a-ways, so's folks could ride out on Sunday and breathe a little fresh air. Of course, the farmers kicked and roared, said their stock would be skairt to death, and the like of that; but all the time the little boys with the rosy cheeks and the liquid eyes and the raven locks, and the dirks down the back of their shirts, from sunny Sicily, kep' right on layin' the rails. Then the first thing them farmers knew they had the main line of an interurban trolley system shootin' limited green cars across their front yards at the rate of a mile a minute.

"Did they tear up the rails? Nope. They got into one of them plush-lined cars one day and rode into town. Cost a nickel! They rubbered around at the tall buildings a few hours, bought the evening paper for a cent, and rode back to the farm, 'long about milking-time, for another nickel. Lot of 'em never saw a newspaper till that day, except their copy of the weekly edition of the New York Tribune, that they thought Horace Greeley was still running. It's no lie.

"What were the city folks doing all this time? I'll tell you. Those little Sunday runs out into the country with the basket of lunch put the bug into their heads that it would be nice and restful to *live* out there by the babblin' brooks and things. They could catch a seven-o'clock car in the morning, get to the office by half-past eight at the latest, and back again for dinner at night. It would be great for the children. So a lot of 'em bought little bunches of dirt along the trolley line and settled down to be 'evening farmers' with two pigs, a sky-blue corncrib and a pullet. Where ten years ago there wasn't one of them dinky farmers in the country to-day there's more'n ten million of 'em. And as soon as they got settled the old really-boy Rubes began to rub up against 'em in the village store now and then of an evening; especially the younger ones. Bimeby they began to sit up and take notice that the city folks wore patent-leather shoes and creases in their pants. Take a run through the Middle-West country to-day, and I'll make you a long bet every other young farm boy you meet is wearing creases and shiny shoes, and has his made-to-order shirts hand-laundered in town, and ties his own neckties.

"The mail-order house butted in 'long 'bout this time, with the assistance of your old Uncle Samuel and the driver of the rural post-wagon. You see, the city men who settled down with that pullet in the country got sick hearing their boarding-school daughters tell about being too tired to go down to the village post-office, so the influential ones among 'em complained to Uncle Samuel. And your Uncle Samuel ups and extends the rural mail service with a house-to-house delivery through chunks of country that you can't find on the map in any United States atlas that's been made yet.



"ME AND MY LITTLE OLD TORCH AND MY SPIEL"

"Now mebbe you've noticed that the big mail-order houses in Chicago have explorin' expeditions out all the time locating people in the outlying districts who are pining away for the material blessings of our great and glorious civilization. Soon as they'd discover a man in Michigan with a consuming hunger for Louis-Quince chairs they'd put his name on the list and he'd get a catalogue as big as the family Bible and twice as interesting. Go into any farm-house out in the rural sections now and you'll see the mail-order catalogue layin' on the marble-top table 'long-side the family album and right under the enlarged crayon portrait of father in the silver-gilt frame that only cost seventeen dollars. I've taken about half a million orders for them same portraits in my time, and I ought to know. Well, sooner than I can tell it, the freight cars on that front-yard trolley line began unloadin' mahogany furniture and brass beds at Rube Wattle's old homestead. It took just about three months for Hi Myers, the village storekeeper, to arrive at the eminently sane conclusion that he'd better sell out his window-full of axe-handles and rack of buggy-whips and box of salt codfish, and go in for bee culture. What was the use of him, with a stock that wouldn't assay thirty-five dollars to the ton, trying to buck a fifteen-story mail-order house, the United States Post-office Department and a $10,000,000 interurban trolley system? Him and me went out of business just about the same time.

"Have I made it clear? What? You see how it worked. The Rube woke up one morning, and what from that city evening paper that the trolley conductor dropped in his yard every day, and him banking his money in the granite building at the end of the line instead of in the little old brown beanpot, he was educated. He threw his oiled cowhides, all covered with green milk stains, over the corncrib, and bought patent-leather shoes with extension soles. He cut out the blue jeans of his fathers and went in for creased tweeds like his next-door neighbor with the two pigs and a pullet. He burned up the patent-medicine almanac in the eighty dollar mail-order range and turned his attention to Sherlock Holmes and Browning. He took his boy with the low forehead and the tow cowlick over his right eye and sent him to college.

"Just to illustrate: About ten years ago a friend of mine, who is now probably confined to the house in some one of our Commonwealths, was operating in Indiana. He took orders among the gentle rustics for a certain brand of melodeon of which he was the inventor, manufacturer and sole agent, with his plant under his hat. That the orders turned up in the form of promissory notes about three months later has no bearing upon this p'ticklar subject. M' friend, not more'n three years ago, happened to stop at the house of one of the farmers who had signed an order for that organ. He told me he wouldn't have known the old man. He had turned the farm over to his two boys and they had gone in for sugar-beets and were getting rich. The old lady had a hired girl and had nothing much to do but read. What do you suppose she was readin'? You wouldn't guess in a thousand years. *The New York Dramatic Mirror!* And that night, m' friend said, they talked about actors till mos' midnight, and that old girl had the pedigree of every Thespian that ever stood on the corner of Broadway and Forty-third Street wonderin' which way to go. And say, maybe she didn't knock the syndicate! Don't that show what I've been trying to tell you?"

"It does, Jake," I replied. "It does, certainly."

"Any wonder I had to cut it out? Well, now! And say, I don't blame the farmer. We all knew it would have to come some day—only, you see, we didn't think it could all come in a bunch, like it did. That was the trouble. It cut the ground right out from under us, you see. There wasn't anything left for us to do except go to work. But it had to come. The chin-whisker boy had to get wise sooner or later; it was too good to last. Why, if I should go back to any of my old towns to-day, where the high-pitch used to be strong ten years ago, I couldn't *give away* a bottle of Father Peter's Pain Killer. As for *sellin'* it—say, when the farmer gets the stomach-ache nowadays do you know what he does? He orders the ambulance-trolley out to his house, gets into it, and is run to the city hospital, opened up, looked into, and has his appendix taken out all just as nice and easy as though it was a matter of every-day occurrence.

"So when I saw my sales were peterin' out, and, instead of breaking blood-vessels getting their money into my wagon, folks were laughing at me, and the village cuts-ups gave college yells in the middle of my spiel, why, I just laid down and come West. No"—I wonder if the new note I detected in Jake's voice was one of sadness—"they ain't interested in Little Wonder Premium Packets nowadays. They're lookin' for railroad bonds, and bank stock, and what they call solid industrials, and first mortgages. Kansas loanin' $30,000,000 in New York last year shows it. And as, when I hit the Territory, there wasn't nothing doin' at all in my line any nearer than dealin' faro, why, I had to turn my hand to that. Make my little old fifteen or twenty a night, but there ain't the money in the cards there used to be in the Little Giant Corn Eradicator."

"Gambling any yourself, Jake?" I asked curiously.

"Who? Me? Well, I should say *not!* Not for me." He rose and stretched. "I'm investing *my* money. Putting every cent I can get my hands on in three as nice little mining propositions as there are in the Territory. In five years' time if I don't pull out with a million——! *Me gamble?* Well, say, what do you take me for, anyway? You got to *show me* to get *my* money. *I'm* from Missouri."

The Millionaire at Church

Where Richest New York Does Lenten Penance and Celebrates Eastertide

By René Bache

THERE are a few things that money cannot buy, and one of these is a pew in Trinity Church, New York. At all events, it cannot be purchased from the corporation, which has not sold one within the memory of man. When, in rare instances, a pew becomes vacant of ownership it is thenceforward a "free sitting," and may be occupied by anybody.

This policy, the motive of which is to extend the usefulness of the church, works unfortunately for many a new millionaire who, as a means of social promotion, would be glad to secure membership on a substantial footing in so aristocratic a religious organization. For the pews in Trinity, barring a few that are free, belong to the estates of great people, such as the De Peysters, Livingstons, Crugers and Bleeckers, who have owned them since very early times (having acquired them originally by purchase), and who, as a matter of family pride, could not be persuaded to part with them under any imaginable circumstances. John Jacob Astor occupies a pew which he inherits, and William Waldorf Astor retains his proprietorship of another, though he has shaken the unworthy dust of America from his feet.

If urged to sell, and to name their own price, these people would treat the proposition in the same spirit as that in which the Trinity Corporation, when asked not long ago why it would not take $6,000,000 for a certain patch of real estate, replied, that there was no special reason except that it had no use for the money. William Waldorf Astor has provided a set of six bronze doors, at an expense of $250,000, in remembrance of his father, while his grandfather, John Jacob the first, has a suitable memorial in a superb reredos at the back of the chancel that cost $59,000.

Trinity, which stands at the head of Wall Street, and looks down the famous thoroughfare of the money-changers, is one of the richest corporations in the world. Its wealth, which has been estimated all the way from $100,000,000 to $200,000,000, was derived originally from a grant of land made by Queen Anne when, in 1697, she gave to the church its charter, its first rector being the Bishop of London, Henry Compton, who never visited America. The land in question, known in the early days of Manhattan as the Queen's Farm, extended as far to the north as Christopher Street, and at the present time it comprises many blocks of the most valuable business real estate in the lower part of the city, as well as much residence property.

Thus, Trinity Corporation possesses huge property interests. Moreover, it employs no fewer than twenty-five clergymen, including eight vicars and sixteen curates. The church, of which Doctor Morgan Dix is rector, governs nine chapels, or subchurches, which, scattered all over Manhattan Island, compose a parish topographically disjointed but administratively a unit. In the management of so great a business concern, which incidentally controls numerous organized charities, a large force of clerks is employed, and the offices of the corporation, through which millions of dollars pass in the course of a twelvemonth, resemble those of a bank.

The Jeweled Chalice of Trinity Church

ONE of the cherished possessions of Trinity is a chalice, the most valuable in existence, which was the gift of Thomas E. Egleston, a professor in the School of Mines at Columbia College. It was bestowed as a memorial to his wife, and is covered with the jewels which she owned, comprising 187 precious stones of every imaginable kind, including not only diamonds, rubies, emeralds and sapphires, but many species of gems unfamiliar to ordinary people—all of them imbedded in the surface of the sacramental vessel with their original settings (pins, brooches, bracelets, etc.) just as Mrs. Egleston wore them. She herself, as it happened, was a collector of rare laces, and these, together with hundreds of yards of beautiful linens, suitable for sacerdotal purposes, became the property of the church after her death. The laces, which are priceless, are used on the altar.

St. Thomas' is not less to be admired as an enterprise for the promotion of good works because it happens to be the most fashionable church in the metropolis. At St. Thomas' one rarely meets anybody who is not "in society." Mrs. Astor, the elder, is a pewholder. So, likewise, are the Cornelius Vanderbilts, the Webbs, the Twomblys, the Kissams, the Iselins, the Emlen Roosevelts, and the family of D. O. Mills. Crisp bills are the customary offerings, the ten-dollar and twenty-dollar notes being neatly folded to conceal their denominations. This remark applies to ordinary occasions, but if the rector makes a special appeal for funds the congregation of St. Thomas' may on any Sunday morning be counted upon for $20,000 or $25,000.

The expense of maintaining such a fashionable church, so far as the establishment proper is concerned, is by no means so great as one might be tempted to imagine. Seventy-five thousand dollars a year will cover it, allowing from $15,000 to $20,000 for the music, $12,000 to $15,000 for the rector, and $2000 to $4000 for each of three or four assistant clergymen. Lighting and heating come to a considerable amount annually; repairs cost a tidy sum; flowers for Easter and other special occasions are a heavy item; a force of cleaners must be kept constantly at work, and money has to be appropriated from time to time for the up-keep of the parsonage. The item of music includes a salary of from five to ten thousand for the organist. Boy singers are cheap, though a first-class "solo alto" commands a good price; but a soprano may receive $1200 a year, and a tenor $1500.

A great and fashionable church is the centre of a multitude of charitable and philanthropic organizations, for the support of which is required an immense amount of money, quite apart from the expenses of the establishment proper. It is as a subscriber to these good works that the millionaire has an opportunity to make himself useful, and he will find that they draw heavily upon his fat purse. His pew may cost him as much as $5000—and this first investment does not relieve him from the payment of a rental of $300 a year, maybe, for the quarters thus acquired. He cannot put less than a ten-dollar bill into the plate each Sunday, and on special occasions, in response to an appeal from the pulpit, he will feel obliged to contribute $50 or $100.

The Most Fashionable Place for a Wedding

THESE, however, are only a few of the items of his unavoidable expense. His wife and the young ladies of his family must have costly, though simple, gowns for Sunday mornings, in order that they may take part with credit to themselves in the fashionable parade after church. If one of the girls gets married there is a heavy draft on papa's bank account. The groom, according to custom, must pay for the clergyman, the carriages and the bridesmaids' bouquets, but papa is called upon to liquidate such charges as $100 for opening the church, from $500 to $1000 for flowers to decorate the sacred edifice, a fee of $30 or so for the sexton (whose business it is to manage the machinery of the wedding, and to see that the bride enters and goes out properly), $50 for awnings at the doors, and from $300 to $500 for the services of the organist and a few of the best singers.

The total sum is not much to a man of wealth, but one should remember that it comes on top of a very large expenditure for an elaborate trousseau and the inevitable wedding breakfast. Furthermore, dots have come into fashion, and the multi-millionaire nowadays, even though he be not buying a foreign nobleman, is expected to give a fortune with his daughter. If she has children he will have reason to congratulate himself that his son-in-law is mulcted for the expenses of the christening, which are considerable; for though the church makes no charges, heavy fees all around, not forgetting the sexton, are expected.

Speaking of weddings, the most fashionable place in New York to get married in is the chantry of Grace Church, on Broadway. It is a beautiful little chapel, built by the late Catharine Lorillard Wolfe, a devout and very wealthy parishioner. She gave to the church its altar, and also paid for the administrative building, adjoining, which is known as Grace House. Everything about the famous ecclesiastical establishment is extremely English, except one of the organs, which in its design is a miniature copy of a celebrated French cathedral.

In former days Grace Church was called, perhaps with disrespectful significance, a rich men's club; but its present rector, Doctor Huntington, has been trying to remove from it that stigma. He believes that pews ought not to be held and speculated in like real estate, and at present only a few of the sittings under him are owned by members of the congregation.

It is the fashion nowadays, if one can afford the luxury, to give a stained-glass window as a memorial to a deceased relative. Such windows cost anywhere from $5000 to $25,000 apiece, and it must be admitted that they are a much more sensible investment than massive and elaborate tombstones. In Grace Church there are scores of such windows, all of them beautiful, and representing in the aggregate an immense sum of money. On the left-hand side of the chancel stands an exquisitely carved bishop's chair of white marble, its back surmounted by a sculptured mitre. It is intended to be occupied by the Bishop of the diocese when he happens to be present. Bishop Potter himself presented the chair to the church as a memorial to his first wife.

The buildings of Grace Church cover a much larger area than one would suppose on viewing them casually from Broadway. They comprise, among other things, a clergy house, in which the assistant ministers dwell, and a day nursery—the latter presented by Levi P. Morton. The nursery, patterned after a French *crèche*, takes care of the children of poor women while they are at work. The rectory is the handsomest in New York. Directly over the chancel organ is a tower of three stories, known as the choristers' tower, the interior of which is devoted to schoolrooms for the choir boys, while on top of it is a roof garden which serves as a playground.

The Wealthiest Vestry in the World

ARCHITECTURALLY speaking, a striking contrast to Grace Church is afforded by St. Bartholomew's, which stands on the southwest corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Madison Avenue. Barring its new front, which was presented by Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt the elder in memory of her husband, it is extremely unpretentious. Nevertheless, its congregation is one of the richest in New York. The Vanderbilts have been prominent for generations in its membership. William H. was a warden, and the late Cornelius was a vestryman. The latter's widow, her daughter Gladys and her son Alfred go there. Long ago, when the church was far downtown, on Houston Street, old Commodore Vanderbilt, father of William H., attended St. Bartholomew's. The Goulds, Frank and Edward, are pewholders there, and so likewise are such well-known millionaires as the Rhinelanders and the Sloanes. A short time back it was reckoned that there were $327,000,000 in the vestry. It seems odd that the interior of the church should be so plain, but the six new bronze doors, given by Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, are undeniably beautiful. They cost $100,000, and are adorned with groups in high relief representing scenes from the Bible. Each of them weighs three tons.

Only two blocks away, on a Fifth Avenue corner, is the equally famous Church of the Heavenly Rest. It is one of the smallest in New York, but exceedingly select. Few persons who are not multi-millionaires are to be found in the congregation, and to read the names on the silver plates which mark the pews, as one walks along the aisles, is like perusing a list of the heaviest taxpayers in the metropolis. The Harrimans, Dillons, Ripleys, Postleys and Frederick Vanderbilts are among the parishioners. Above the altar the daylight streams through a window of stained glass which cost $30,000.

The oldest Protestant organization on the continent is represented to-day by the Dutch Reformed denomination, which has several churches in New York. The Vanderbilts and Astors formerly belonged to it, but they have gone over to the Episcopal faith. The Roosevelts still hold their allegiance, and the President, in Washington, takes part, at Grace Memorial, in the simple services approved by his forefathers, though his wife attends St. John's.

The $6,000,000 which Trinity Church would not accept because the corporation "had no use for the money" was offered for the patch of land on which stands the historic Chapel of St. Paul. This is one of the nine subchurches already mentioned, and is not at all fashionable, the rich people of the parish preferring to go, if they do not worship at Trinity, either to Trinity Chapel uptown, or to St. Agnes', newest of the chapels, at Ninety-second street and Columbus Avenue. Nevertheless, St. Paul's is by all odds the most interesting church in the metropolis, historically speaking, being the only surviving landmark of ancient days in the lower part of the city. It was built in 1764, on what is now the corner of Fulton Street and Broadway, and at that time was far beyond the limits of the town, away off in the fields, surrounded by groves and orchards.

Indeed, the good burghers scrupled not to comment with severity on the folly of "that visionary set of men, the vestry of Trinity, who had put so large and ornate a building in a place so remote and sequestered, so difficult of access, and to which the population could never extend."

The Kings

By Robert W. Chambers

Over the world He died to save,
  Crowned with thorn and scourged with rod,
  The same sad world His tired feet trod—
See them capering over His grave!
Lord!—for they know not what they do,
Lord!—for they know not why they rave,
Lord, forgive as He forgave,
And suffer the Kings to mock His grave.

Cap and bells and the grace o' God!
  Way for the half-crazed, inbred Kings!
  One in a helmet with silver wings
Whose people cringe at his sullen nod;
One in the cheap bronze crown he tore
From a herder of swine and his paramour,
And one whose crown shed many a pearl
When his beard was tweaked by a dancing-girl.

Way for the registered bench-show breed!—
  Bred in and in till their crazed wits reel;
  Way for the Emperor sheathed in steel,
Ally of God in His hour of need!
Hail! to the squattering Balkan King
  Who hacked the hands from a Man he feared;
  Hail! to the Thing that leered and peered,
Watching us under the Dragon's Wing!

Mate them close lest ye sully the breed!—
  Lest the dam cast back and bear a Man;
  For not since the breeding of Kings began
Shall ye read of a Man from royal seed.
And one still lives who damned his soul,
  Another who drove a Queen to shame—
From sire to sire, from foal to foal,
  Carry the blameless royal name!

Lord!—for they know not what they do,
  Lord!—for they know not why they rave,
And Men be many and Kings be few.
  Forgive them, Lord, as He forgave,
  And suffer the Kings to mock His grave.

Eliph Hewlett, Book Agent

How the Compendium of Universal Knowledge Secured a Maid for Mrs. Tarbro-Smith

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

"WON'T YOU COME IN?"

ELIPH HEWLETT, book agent, seated in his weather-beaten top buggy, drove his horse, Irontail, carefully along the rough Pennsylvania hill road. The horse, a rusty gray, tottered in a loose-jointed manner from side to side of the road, half-asleep in the sun. He was indolence in every muscle except his tail, which thrashed violently at the flies. Eliph Hewlett drove with his hands held high, almost on a level with his sandy whiskers, for he was acquainted with Irontail.

The road seemed to pass through an uninhabited region, but Eliph Hewlett knew there was a small settlement a few miles farther on, and he was carrying enlightenment and culture to the benighted. He glowed with missionary zeal. In his eagerness he thoughtlessly slapped the reins on the back of Irontail.

Instantly the plump, gray tail of the horse flashed over the rein and clamped it fast. Eliph Hewlett leaned over the dashboard of his buggy and grasped the hair of the tail firmly. He pulled upward with all his strength, but the tail did not yield. Instead, Irontail kicked viciously. Eliph Hewlett, knowing his horse as well as he knew human nature, climbed out of the buggy, and taking the rein close by the bit led Irontail to the side of the road. Then he took from beneath the buggy-seat a bulky, oilcloth-wrapped parcel and seated himself at the horse's head. There was but one way to get a rein from beneath that tail, and that was to ignore it. In an hour or two Irontail would forget, carelessly begin flapping flies again, and release the rein himself.

Eliph Hewlett unwrapped the oilcloth covering from the object it infolded. It was a book. It was the "Complete Compendium of Universal Knowledge, Comprising Useful Information on Ten Thousand and One Subjects, including a history of the world, the lives of all famous men, quotations from great authors, and innumerable indispensable recipes. One Vol. Five Dollars, bound in cloth; seven-fifty, full morocco." Eliph Hewlett passed his hand over the gilt-stamped cover affectionately, and then opened it at random and read. For years he had been reading it, and among its ten thousand and one subjects he always found something new which he learned by heart, word for word. A man must know his business to succeed, and Eliph Hewlett knew his Complete Compendium of Universal Knowledge.

Suddenly he raised his head. On the breeze there was borne to him the sound of voices—many voices. He closed the book with a bang. His small body became tense, his eyes glittered. He scented his prey. He wrapped the book in its oilcloth, laid it upon the buggy-seat, and taking the horse by the bridle started in the direction of the voices.

Half a mile down the road he came upon a scene of merriment. In a cleared grove men, women and children were gathered. It was a church picnic. Eliph Hewlett took his hitching-strap from beneath the buggy-seat and secured Irontail to a tree.

"Church picnic," he said to himself; "one, two, sixteen, twenty-four *and* the minister. Good for twelve copies of the Complete, or I'm no good myself. I love church picnics. What so lovely as to see the shepherd and the flock gathered together in a bunch, as I may say, like ten-pins, ready to be scooped in, all at one shot?"

He walked up to the rail fence and leaned against it so that he might be seen and invited in. It was better policy than pushing himself forward, and it gave him time to study the faces. He did not find them hopeful subjects. They were not the faces of readers. They were not even the faces of buyers. Even in their holiday finery the women were shabby and the men were toilworn. The minister himself, white-bearded and gray-haired, showed far more of spiritual grace than of intellectual strength.

One woman, fresh and bright as a butterfly, appeared among them. Eliph Hewlett knew her at once as a summer boarder, a refugee from city heat, who had somehow got into this dull, benighted community.

Almost at the same moment she noticed him, and approached him. She smiled kindly and extended her hand.

"Won't you come in?" she asked. "I don't seem to recall your face, but you are welcome to join us."

Eliph Hewlett shook his head.

"No'm," he said sadly, "I can't come in. Not that I don't want to, but I wouldn't be welcome. There's nothing I like so much as church picnics. When I was a boy I used to cry for them. But I wouldn't dare join you. I'm a"—he looked around cautiously, and said in a whisper—"I'm a book agent."

The lady laughed aloud.

"Of course," she said, "that does make a difference; but you need not be a book agent to-day. You can forget it for a while, and join us." Eliph Hewlett shook his head again.

"That's it," he said; "I can't forget it. I try to, but I can't. Just when I don't want to I break out, and before I know it I've sold everybody a book, and then I feel like I'd imposed on 'em. They take me in as a friend and then I sell 'em a copy of the Complete Compendium of Universal Knowledge, ten thousand and one subjects, from A to Z, including recipes for every known use, quotations from famous authors, lives of famous men; and, in one word, everything worth knowing, condensed into one volume, five dollars, neatly bound in cloth, one dollar down and one dollar a month until paid."

He paused, and the lady looked at him curiously.

"Seven-fifty handsomely bound in morocco," he added. "So you see I don't feel as if I ought to impose. I know how I am. You take my mother now. Hadn't seen me for eight years. I'd been traveling all over these Yewnited States, carrying knowledge and culture into the homes of the people at five dollars, easy payments, per home, and I got a telegram saying, 'Come home. Mother very ill.'" He nodded his head slowly. "Wonderful invention, the telegraph," he said. "Tells all about it on page 562 of the Complete Compendium of Universal Knowledge—who invented; when first used; name of every town, village and hamlet in U. S. that has a telegraph office; complete explanation of telegraph system, et cetery, et cetery. This and ten thousand other useful facts in one volume, only five dollars, bound in cloth. So when I got that telegram I took the train for home. Look in the index under T. Train, Railway. See Railway. Railway—when first operated; railway accidents from 1892 to 1904, et cetery, et cetery. Every subject known to man fully and interestingly treated, *with* illustrations."

"I don't believe I care for a copy to-day," said the lady.

"No," said Eliph Hewlett. "I know it. Nor I don't want to sell you one. I just mentioned it to show you that when you own a copy of the Complete Compendium of Universal Knowledge you have an entire library in one book, arranged and indexed by the greatest minds of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. One dollar down and—— But when I got home I found mother low, very low. When I went in she looks up and whispers: 'Eliph!' 'Yes, mother,' I says. 'Is it really you at last?' she says. 'Yes,' I says. 'It's me at last, mother, and I couldn't get here sooner. I was out in Ohio carryiug joy to countless homes and introducing to them the Complete Compendium of Universal Knowledge. It is a book,' I says, 'suited for old and young, rich or poor. No family is complete without it. Ten thousand and one subjects, all indexed from A to Z, with an appendix of the Spanish War brought down to the last moment, and maps of Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America and Australia. This book,' I says, 'is a gold mine of information for the young and a solace for the old. Pages 201 to 347 filled with quotations from the world's great poets, making select and helpful reading for the fireside lamp. Pages 463 to 468, dying sayings of famous men and women. A book,' I says, 'that teaches us how to live and how to die. All the wisdom of the world in one volume, five dollars, neatly bound in cloth, one dollar down and one dollar a month until paid.' Mother looked up at me and says: 'Eliph, put me down for one copy.' So I did. I hope I may do the same for you."

The lady was about to speak, but Eliph Hewlett held up his hand.

"No!" he said, "I beg your pardon. I didn't mean to say that. I couldn't think of taking your order. I didn't mean to ask it, any more than I meant to ask mother. It's habit, and that's what I'm afraid of. I'd better not intrude."

The lady thought otherwise. She saw in him a pleasant variation from the dull minds she had been in contact with all summer, and she urged him. She said he could try not to talk books, and no one could do more than try; so he climbed the fence with a reluctance that was more noticeable because his climbing was retarded by the oilcloth-covered volume he held beneath his arm.

Mrs. Tarbro-Smith had arranged this picnic herself, hoping to bring a little pleasure into the dull lives of the natives, and she had succeeded in this as in everything else she had

"I FOUND MOTHER LOW, VERY LOW"

undertaken during the summer. As the leader of her own little circle of bright wits in New York, she was accustomed to do things successfully, and perhaps she was just a little too sure of always having things her own way. As the sister of the world-famous author, Marriott Nolan Tarbro, she was always received with consideration, but for once in her life she wanted to receive consideration on her own account. For that reason she had come to spend a summer in Darkest Pennsylvania, and she had assumed as an impenetrable incognito one-half her name. No rays of reflected fame glitter on plain Mrs. Smith.

The literary side of her nature found enjoyment in the odd types she had fallen among, and her kindness of heart was able to exert itself bountifully. She won the hearts of her hostess and of the dozen or so children of the house with small gifts, and, overjoyed with this, she set about making the whole community happier. Little presents, smiles and kind words meant so much to the overworked, hopeless women that before the summer was half over every man, woman and child was ready to be her dog. They worshiped her, clumsily and mutely, but whole-heartedly. She was a fairy lady from New York.

Her best loved and best loving admirer was Susan, daughter of her hostess, and, to Mrs. Tarbro-Smith, Susan was the long-sought and impossible—a good maid. From the first Susan had attached herself to Mrs. Tarbro-Smith, and, for love and two dollars a week, she learned all that a lady's maid should know. When Mrs. Tarbro-Smith asked her if she would like to go to New York Susan jumped up and down and clapped her hands. Susan was as sweet and lovable as she was useful.

When Mrs. Tarbro-Smith broached the matter to Mr. and Mrs. Cleghorn she received a shock. She had not for a moment doubted that they would be delighted that Susan could have a good home, fair wages, and a city life, instead of the deadening backwoods existence.

"Well, now," Mr. Cleghorn said, "we gotter sort o' talk it over, me and ma, 'fore we *de*cide that. Susan, she's a'most our baby, she is. T'hain't but four of 'em younger than what she is in our fambly. We'll let you know, hey?"

Ma and Pa Cleghorn talked it over carefully and came to a decision. The decision was that they had better talk it over with some of the neighbors. The neighbors met at Cleghorns' and considered the question openly in the presence of Mrs. Tarbro-Smith.

They agreed that it would be a great chance for Susan, and they said no one could want a nicer, kinder lady for boss than what Mrs. Tarbro-Smith was—"but 'tain't noways right to take no resks."

"You see, mam," said Ma Cleghorn, "*we* don't know who you are no more than nothin', do we? An' we *do* know how as them big towns is ungodly to beat the band, don't we? I remember my grandmother tellin' me when I was a leetle gal about the sin and shame she heard of down Harrisburg way, an' I reckon New York is twicet the size o' Harrisburg, so it must be twicet as wicked. So we put it to you plain, without meanin' no harm, that *we* don't know who you are or what you'd do with Susan once you got her to New York."

"Oh, I know what you want," said Mrs. Tarbro-Smith. "You want references."

"Them's it," replied Mrs. Cleghorn with great relief.

"Well," said Mrs. Tarbro-Smith, "that is easy. I know *everybody* in New York."

She thought a moment.

"There's Mr. Murray, of Murray's Magazine," she suggested, mentioning one of the great monthly magazines.

"Guess we never heard o' that," said Mrs. Cleghorn.

"Then do you know the Æon? I know the editor."

The neighbors and Mrs. Cleghorn looked at each other blankly and shook their heads.

Mrs. Tarbro-Smith named all the magazines. She had contributed to most of them. Not one was known, even by name, to her inquisitors. One shy old lady asked faintly if she had ever heard of Mister Tweed. She thought she had heard of a Mister Tweed, of New York, once.

Then, quite suddenly, Mrs. Tarbro-Smith remembered her own brother, the great Marriott Nolan Tarbro, whose romances sold in editions of hundreds of thousands, and who was beyond all doubt the greatest living novelist. Kings had been glad to meet him, and newsboys and gamins ran shouting at his heels in the streets.

"How silly of me," she said. "You must have heard of my brother, Marriott Nolan Tarbro, you know, who wrote The Marquis of Glenmore and The Train-Wreckers?"

Mrs. Cleghorn coughed apologetically behind her hand.

"I'm not very littery, Mrs. Smith," she said kindly, "but mebby Mrs. Stein knows of him. Mrs. Stein she reads a lot."

Mrs. Stein, whose sole reading was the Bible and a greasy copy of Pilgrim's Progress, moved uneasily.

"What's his name?" she asked.

"Tarbro," said Mrs. Tarbro-Smith. "Marriott Nolan Tarbro."

"No," said Mrs. Stein, "I don't quite call him to mind. Mighty near, though; I mind a feller once peddled notions through here by name of Tarbox. Might you know him?"

"No," said Mrs. Tarbro-Smith. "I haven't the honor."

"I thought mebby you might," said Mrs. Stein. "His business took him round considerabul, and I thought mebby you might of met him in New York."

Mrs. Cleghorn sighed audibly.

"It's goin' to be an awful trial to Susan if she can't go," she said; "but I dunno *what* to say. Seems like I oughtn't to say 'go,' an' yet I can't bear to say 'stay.'"

THEY AGREED THAT IT WOULD BE A GREAT CHANCE FOR SUSAN

"I must have Susan," Mrs. Tarbro-Smith said positively. "I know you can trust her with me."

"Clementina," said Mr. Cleghorn, "why don't you leave it to the minister? He'd settle it for the best. Why don't you leave it to him? Hey?"

"I'd ought to of thought of that long ago," his wife replied with relief. "He *would* know what was for the best. We'll ask him to-morrow."

To-morrow was the picnic day. As Mrs. Tarbro-Smith led the way for Eliph Hewlett, the minister left a group of women who had clustered about him and walked toward her.

"Sister Smith," he said in his grave, kind way, "Sister Cleghorn has been telling me you want to carry off our little Susan. You know that we must be wise and sure in deciding the question, and"—he laid his hand on her arm—"though I doubt not all will be well, I must think over the matter a while. Welcome, brother," he added, offering his hand to Eliph Hewlett.

The book agent shook it warmly.

"'I was a stranger and ye took me in,'" he said glibly. "Fine weather for a picnic."

His eyes glowed. To meet the minister first of all! This was good, indeed. Years of experience had taught him to seek the minister first. To start the round of a small community with the prestige of having sold the minister a copy of the Complete Compendium made success a certainty.

He took the oilcloth parcel from beneath his arm and handed it to the minister, gently, lovingly.

"Keep it until the picnic is over," he said. "I'm a book agent. I sell books: this particular book. Take it away and hide it so I can forget it and be happy. Don't let me have it until the picnic's over."

He stretched his arms in freedom. The minister smiled and led the way toward the place where a buggy-cushion had been laid on the grass as his seat of honor.

"Although," said the minister with a smile, "I don't think you can sell a book here. My brethren are not readers. I read little myself. We are poor; we have no time to read. Except the Bible, I know of but one book in this entire community. Sister Stein has Bunyan's sublime work, Pilgrim's Progress. It was an heirloom.

"Be seated," he said, and Eliph Hewlett seated himself, Turk fashion, on the sod. The minister held the book carefully across his knees. Even to feel a new book was a pleasure. His fingers tickled to open it.

In three minutes Hewlett knew the entire story of Mrs. Tarbro-Smith and Susan. He leaned over and tapped with his forefinger the book on the minister's knees.

"Open it," he said.

The minister removed the wrapper.

"Page 6, index," said Eliph Hewlett, turning the pages. He ran his finger down the page and up and down page 7, stopped at a line on page 8, and hastily ran through the pages. At page 947 he laid the book open. The minister adjusted his spectacles and read. Then he pushed the spectacles up on his forehead and looked carefully at the picnickers. He singled out Mrs. Tarbro-Smith and waved her toward him with his hand. She came and stood before him.

The minister wiped his spectacles on his handkerchief, readjusted them on his nose, and bent over the book.

"What is your brother's name?" he asked with deep solemnity.

"Marriott Nolan Tarbro," she answered.

He traced the lines carefully with his finger.

"Born?" he asked.

"June 4, 1864, at Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson."

"And is he married?" he inquired.

"Married Amanda Rogers Long, at Newport, Rhode Island, June 14, 1895."

"Where is he living now?" he asked.

"Year before last he was living with me in New York, but last fall he went to Algiers."

"The book says Algiers. What—er—clubs is he a member of?"

"Oh, yes," she said: "The Authors and The Century."

"It is all right, Mrs. Smith. Susan may go with you."

"One," said Eliph Hewlett quickly. "That's just one question that came up flaring and was smashed flat by the Complete Compendium of Universal Knowledge. In that book are ten thousand and one subjects, fully treated by the best minds of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. One subject for every day in the year for twenty-seven years, and some left over. Religion, politics, literature, every topic under the sun, gathered in one grand, colossal encyclopædia with an index so simple that a child can understand it. See page 768: 'Texts, Biblical; Hints for Sermons, The Art of Pulpit Eloquence.' No minister should be without it. See page 1046: 'Pulpit Orators—Golden Words of the Greatest, comprising selections from Spurgeon, Robertson, Talmage, Beecher, Parkhurst, et cetery.' A book that should be in every home. Look at P: Poets, Great. Poison, Antidotes for. Poker, Rules of. Poland, History and Geography of. Pomeroy, Brick. Pomatum, How to Make. Ponce de Leon, Voyages and Life of. Pop, Ginger, et cetery, et cetery. The whole for the small sum of five dollars, bound in cloth, one dollar down and one dollar a month until paid."

The minister was slowly turning the pages.

"It seems a worthy book," he said hesitatingly.

Eliph Hewlett looked at Mrs. Tarbro-Smith questioningly.

"Yes," she murmured.

"Ah!" said Eliph Hewlett, "Mrs.——"

"Tarbro-Smith," she said.

"Mrs. Tarbro-Smith," continued Eliph Hewlett, "takes two copies of the Complete Compendium of Universal Knowledge, bound in full morocco, one of which she begs to present to the worthy pastor of this happy flock, with her compliments and good wishes."

"I can't thank you," said the minister; "it is so kind. I have so few books."

Eliph Hewlett held out his hand for the sample volume.

"When you have this book," he declared, "you need no others. It makes a Carnegie library of the humblest home."

The entire picnic had gradually gathered around him.

"Ladies and gents," he said, "I come to bring knowledge and power where ignorance and darkness have lurked. I bring you fresh hope——"

When the picnic ended, Irontail had released the rein, and Hewlett drove off, followed by the grateful looks of the entire community. He had left with them sixteen volumes of fresh hopes at five dollars a volume, bound in cloth.

TALES OF THE ROAD

By CHARLES N. CREWDSON

"I BRACED THE OLD MAN"

How to Get on the Road

SINCE the publication of the first Tales of the Road in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, I have received many letters asking: "How can I get a job on the road?" Young men and old have asked me this—clerks, stock-boys, merchants and students. Even wives have written me asking how to find places for their husbands.

In answering the query we will first clear the ground of dead timber. Old men of any sort and young men who haven't fire in their eyes and ginger in their feet need not apply. The "old man" who sits in the head office sizes up the man who wishes to go out on the road and spend a whole lot of the firm's money for traveling expenses with a great deal more care than the dean of a college measures the youth who comes to enter school. The dean thinks: "Well, maybe we can make something out of this boy, dull as he is. We'll try." But the business man says: "That fellow is no good. He can't sell goods. What's the use of wasting money on him and covering a valuable territory with a dummy?"

On the other hand, the heads of wholesale houses are ever on the watch for bright young men. This is no mere preachment, but a live fact. There are hundreds of road positions open in every city in America. I know of one firm that would put on ten first-class men to-morrow, but *can't find the men*.

The "stock" is the best training-school for the road—the stock-boy is the drummer-student. Once in a while an old merchant, tiring of the routine of the retail business, may get a "commission job"—that is, he may find a position to travel for some firm, usually a "snide outfit"—if he will agree to pay his own traveling expenses and accept for his salary a percentage of his sales shipped. Beware, my friend, of the "commission job"! Reliable firms seldom care to put out a man who does not "look good enough" to justify them in at least guaranteeing him a salary he can live on. They know that if a man feels he is going to *live*, and not lag behind, he will work better. The commission salesman is afraid to spend his own money; yet, were he to have the firm's money to spend, many a man who fails would succeed. Once in a while a retail clerk may get a place on the road, but the "old man" does not look upon the clerk with favor. The clerk has had things come his way too easy. His customers come to him; the man on the road must *go after* customers. It is the stock-boy who has the best show to get on the road.

Starting on the First Floor

THE stock-boy learns his business from the ground up, or better, as the Germans say, "from the house out." If one young man cannot become a surgeon without going through the dissecting-room, then another cannot become a successful drummer without having worked in stock. The merchant, who ofttimes deals in many lines, wishes to buy his goods from the man who knows his business; and unless a man knows his business he had better never start on the road.

But to merely know your business is not all. You may know that this razor is worth twelve dollars a dozen and that one thirteen dollars and fifty cents, that this handle is bone and that one celluloid—but that won't get you on the road. You must have a "good front." I do not mean by this that you must have just exactly nine hundred and ninety hairs on each side of the "part" on your head; that your shoes must be shined, your trousers creased, your collar clean, and your necktie just so. Neatness is indispensable; but there must be more—a boy must work hard, be polite, honest, full of force, bright, quick, frank, good-natured. The "old man" may keep to sweep the floor a lazy, shiftless, stupid employee; but when he wants some one to go on the road he looks for a live, manly man. When you get in stock eyes are on you: eyes just as anxious to see your good qualities as you are to show them, eyes that are trying to see you succeed.

How can I get in stock? That's easy. If you are in the city you are on the spot; if you are in the country "hyke" to the city. See that you haven't any cigarette stains on your fingers or tobacco in the corners of your mouth. Go into the wholesale houses, from door to door, until you find a job. If you are going to let a few—or a hundred—refusals dishearten you, you had better stay at home, for when you get on the road refusals are what you must meet every day. If you know some traveling man, or merchant, or manager, or stock-boy, maybe he can get you a "job in stock." But remember one thing: when you get there, you must depend upon yourself. Your recommendation is worth nothing to you from that hour on. This is the time when the "good front" gets in its work.

The city is a strong current in which there are many whirlpools ready to suck you under; yet if you are a good swimmer you can splash along faster here than anywhere else. A successful traveling salesman once told me this story of how he got on the road:

"I was raised in a little town in Tennessee," said he. "A traveling man whose home was in my native State took me along with him, one day, when he made a team trip to Bucksville, an inland country town fourteen miles away. That was a great trip for me—fourteen miles, and staying over night in a hotel!—the first time I had ever done such a thing in my life. And for the first time I knew how it felt to have a strange landlord call me 'mister.' I caught the fever for travel, and that trip put me on the road!"

Quick Work for Billy

"WHEN, the next morning after reaching Bucksville, my drummer friend had finished business and packed his trunks, he said to me: 'Billy, I guess you may go and get the team ready.' I answered him, saying: 'The team *is* ready and hacked up, sir, for the trunks.' In three minutes the trunks were loaded in and we were off.

"'Billy,' said my friend—I shall never forget it, for it was the dawn of hope for me, as I had never had any idea what I was going to do in after life—'I'll tell you, Billy, you would make a good drummer, suh. When we drove down yesterday you counted how many more horseflies lit on the bay than on the white horse. You reasoned out that the flies lit on the bay because the fly and the mare were about the same color and that the fly was not so liable to be seen and killed as if he had lit on the white. That showed me you notice things and reason about them. To be a good traveling man you must make a business of noticing things and thinking about them. Real good hoss-sense is a rare thing. Then, this mo'nin', when I said, "Get the team ready," you said, "It *is* ready, suh," and showed me that you look ahead, see what ought to be done, and *do it* without being told. Generally, any fool can do what he is told to do; but it takes a man of sense to find things to do, and if he has the grit to do them he will get along. I'm just going to see if I can't get a place in our house for you, Billy. You've got the stuff in you to make a successful drummer, suh. Yes, suh! Hoss-sense and grit, suh—hoss-sense and grit!'

"Sure enough, the next Christmas night—I wasn't then sixteen—I struck out for the city in company with my old traveling-man friend. He had got for me a place in his house. The night I left my mother said to me: 'Son, I've tried to raise you right. I'll soon find out if I have.' And my father gave me the only word of advice he ever gave me in his life: 'Son, be polite,' said he; 'it will cost you nothing and be worth lots.'

"Well, sir, with those words ringing in my ears: 'Use hoss-sense: have grit: be polite: Son, I've tried to raise you right,' I struck out for the city. As I think it over now the thing that did me the most good was my father's advice: 'Son, be polite; it will cost you nothing and be worth lots.' The boy can never hope to be much if he does not know that he should raise his hat to a lady, give his seat to a gray-haired man, or carry a bundle for an old woman.

"How strange it was for me that night to sleep in a bed on wheels! How strange, the next morning, to wash in a bowl on wheels! and to look out of the Pullman windows. I was *living* then! And when I reached the city! Such a bustle I've never seen since. As I walked up a narrow street from the depot I fell on the slippery sidewalk. 'Better get some ashes on your feet,' said my friend. And, indeed, I did need to keep ashes on my feet for a long time. I had before me a longer and more slippery sidewalk than I then dreamed of. Every boy has who goes to the city."

A Small Beginning

"I STARTED in to work one year for twenty dollars a month—not five dollars a week! I found there was a whole lot of difference, especially when I had to pay four dollars and a half a week for board and forty cents for washing. I was too proud to send home for money and too poor to spend it out of my own purse. Good training, this!

"One winter's day a friend told me there was skating in the park. I asked a gentleman where the park was. 'Go three blocks and take the car going south,' said he. I went three blocks and when the car came along I followed it, for I could not afford a single nickel for carfare. What a fortune I had when, during the busy season, I could work nights and get fifty cents extra for supper-money! None of this did I spend, as my boarding-house wasn't far away. The only money that I spent in a whole year was one dollar for a library ticket—the best dollar I ever spent in my life! Good books—and there are plenty of them free in all cities—are the best things in the world, anyway, to keep a boy out of deviltment. The boy who will put into his head what he will get out of good books will win out over the one who gets his clothes full of chalk from billiard cues.

"One day the 'old gentleman' saw me at the noon hour as I was going to the library with a book under my arm. 'So you read nights, do you, Billy?' said he. 'Well, you keep it up and you'll get ahead of the boys who don't.'

"Work? I worked like a beaver. I was due at seven in the morning. I was always there several minutes before seven. One morning the old gentleman came in real early and found me at work before most of the stock-boys had shown up, while a couple of the other boys were reading the papers and waiting for the seventh strike. At noon I would wrap bundles, take a blacking-pot and mark cases, run the elevator, or do anything to 'keep moving.' I did not know that an eye was on me all the time; but there was. At the end of a year the old gentleman called me into his office and said: 'Billy, you've done more this year than we have paid you for; here's a check for sixty dollars, five dollars a month back pay. Your salary will be twenty-five dollars a month next year. You may also have a week's vacation.'

"How big that sixty was! Rockefeller hasn't as much to-day as I had then. What he has doesn't make him happy; he wants more. I had enough. Why, I was able to buy a new rig-out. I can see that plaid suit of clothes to this day!

"IT WASN'T EXACTLY A FREEZE, BUT THERE WAS LOTS OF FROST IN THE AIR"

I could afford to go home looking slick to visit my mother and father; I could buy a present for my sweetheart, too. The good Lord somehow very wisely puts 'notions' into a young man's head about the time he begins to get on in the world, and the best thing on earth for him when he is away from home is to have some girl away back where he came from think a whole lot of him, and send him a crocheted four in hand for a Christmas present

"All during my first year I had helped the sample-clerk who had the best job in the house, get out samples for the salesmen. It was not 'my business' to do this; but I did it during spare time from my regular work. When I came back from my visit home the old gentleman found me on the floor one day while I was tagging samples. 'Billy,' said he 'Fritz (the sample-clerk) is going out on the road for us next week. I have decided to let you take his place here in the house. You are pretty young, but we think you can do it.'

"I tried to answer back, 'I'll do my best,' but I couldn't say a word. I only choked. The old gentleman had to turn away from me; it was too much for him, too. After he stepped on the elevator he turned around and smiled at me I heard him blow his nose after the elevator sank out of my sight. I knew then that he believed in me, and I said to myself, 'He shall never lose his faith'

"In a few days after Fritz had gone out on his trip, and I was left alone to do his work, the old gentleman handed me a sample-book one afternoon near closing-time. 'Billy,' says he, 'Gregory is in a hurry for his samples. Express them to Fayetteville.' He had merely written the stock numbers in the book. It was up to me to fill in on the sample-book the description of the goods and the prices. This I did that night at home—from memory. I had learned the stock that well. I also wrote the sample tickets. It took me until after midnight. Next morning I was waiting at the front door when the early man came to unlock it. That night the samples went to Fayetteville.

"Two days afterward the old gentleman called me to the office and asked me: 'When can Gregory expect his samples? He's in a big hurry.'

"'I sent them Wednesday night, sir,' said I.

"'Wednesday night! Why, it was Tuesday night when I gave you the sample-book!'

"'I'm sure they went,' said I, 'because I saw the cases go into the express-wagon.'

"'All right,' said the old gentleman, and he smiled at me again the same way he did the morning he made me the sample-clerk—a smile which told me I had his heart, and I have it to this day.

"Next morning he sent up to me a letter from Gregory, who wrote that the samples came to him in better shape than ever before. At the end of that year I got a check for $150 back pay, and my salary was raised again. At the end of the third year the old gentleman gave me more back pay and another raise, saying to me: 'Billy, I have decided to put you on the road over Moore's old territory. He is not going to be with us any more. Be ready to start January first.' I was the youngest man that firm ever put out. I was with them sixteen years, and it almost broke my heart to leave them."

That is how one man got on the road. Here is the story of the beginning of a man who is now one of the very successful clothing salesmen of Chicago:

"I had been drudging along in the office making out bills for more than a year at ten a week," said he. "My father traveled for the firm, but he never would do anything to get me on the road. He thought I would fall down. I was simply crazy to go. I had seen the salesmen get down late, sit around like gentlemen, 'josh' with the bosses, smoke good cigars, and come and go when they pleased for eight months in the year. This looked better to me than slaving away making out bills from half-past seven in the morning until half-past six at night, going out at noon hungry as a hound and having to climb a ladder after a ham sandwich, a glass of milk and a piece of apple pie.

"I had kept myself pretty well togged up, and, as my father wouldn't do anything to get me started, I had made up my mind to go straight to the boss myself. He was a little fat sawed-off. He wore gold-rimmed glasses, and whenever he was interested in anybody he would look at him over his specs. He did not know much about the English language, but he had a whole lot more good common-sense than I gave him credit for then.

"It never hurts a boy in the house, you know, who wants to go on the road to say so. He may be refused, but the boss will like his ambition, and he stands a better show this way than if he dodges back and always waits for the boss to come to him. Many a boy gets out by striking the 'old man' to go out. If the boy puts up a good talk to him the old man will say: 'He came at me pretty well. By Jove, he can approach merchants, and we will give him a chance!'

"One day, pretty soon after I had braced the old man to send me out, a merchant in Iowa wrote in that he wanted to buy a bill of clothing. They looked him up and found that he was in the grocery business. My father didn't wish to go out—the town was in his territory. I overheard the old man in the office say to him: 'Let's send Chim.'

"Well, Jim started that night. They told me to take a sleeper, but I sat up all night to save the two dollars. I didn't save much money, though, because in the middle of the night I got hungry and filled up on peanuts and train-bananas The town was up on a branch, and I didn't get there until six o'clock the next day. When I reached there I went right up to my man's store You ought to have seen his place! The town was about seven hundred, and the store just about evened up with it—groceries and hardware. I got a whiff from a barrel of sauerkraut as I went in the door; on the counter was a cheese-case; frying pans and lanterns hung down on hooks from the ceiling; two farmers sat near the stove eating sardines and crackers. No clothing was in sight, and I said to myself: 'Well, I'm up against it; this man can't buy much; he hasn't any place to put it if he does.' But I've since learned one thing: You never know who is going to buy

"YOU OUGHT TO HAVE SEEN HIS PLACE!"

goods; and how many on the road must learn that the man who has nothing in his line is the very man who can and will buy the most, sometimes, just because he hasn't any. And besides, the little man may be in the notion of spreading himself

"A young man was counting eggs back near the coal-oil can. He was the only one around who seemed to have anything to do with the store. I walked up to him and told him who I was. He said:

"'Yes, we are glad to see you. I'm just out of school, and father wants to put me in business here. He is going to put in all his time in the bank. He wants me to take charge of the store. I've told him we could sell other things besides groceries—they are dirty, anyway, and don't pay much profit—so we have started to build on another room right next door and are going to put in other lines. I've told father we ought to put in clothing, but he hasn't fully made up his mind. I'll ask him to come down after supper and you can talk to him'

"'Hadn't fully made up his mind,' and there I was, my first trip out, twenty-four hours away, and a big expense! All that went through me, and I couldn't eat any supper.

"The old banker that evening was just tolerably glad to see me. It wasn't exactly a freeze, but there was lots of frost in the air. He said, after we had talked the thing over, that he would look at my samples the next morning, but that he would not buy unless my line was right and the prices were right.

"I was sure my 'prices were right.' I had heard the bosses talk a whole year about how cheaply they sold their goods; I had heard them swear at the salesmen for cutting prices and tell them that the goods were marked at a bare living profit; and I was green enough to believe this. I also knew that my line was the best one on the road. I had not stopped to figure out how my bosses could stay under their own roof all the time and know so much about other houses' goods, and be absolutely sure their own line was bound to be the best ever. I had heard the road men many times tell the bosses to 'wake up,' but I did not believe the salesmen. You know that a young fellow, even if he is with a weak house, starts out on his first trip feeling that his house is the best one. Before, however, he gets through with that first trip—even though his house is a thoroughbred—he will think a little differently.

"That night I worked until two o'clock opening up. I did not know the marks, so I had to squirm out what the characters meant and put the price on the tickets in plain figures so I would know what the goods were worth. But this was a good thing. The salesman or the firm that has the honesty and the boldness to mark samples in plain figures and stick absolutely to their marked price will do business with ease. Merchants in the country do not wish to buy cheaper than those in other towns; they only wish a square deal. And, say what you will, they are suspicious when they buy from samples marked in characters instead of plain figures. They often use a blind mark to do scaly work on their own customers, and they don't like to have the same game worked on themselves. Honest merchants—and I mean by this only those who make a reasonable profit—mark their goods in plain figures, cut prices to nobody—and prefer to do business with those who do it their way. The traveling man who breaks prices soon falls behind.

"That night I couldn't sleep. I was up early next morning and had a good fire in my sample-room. I had sense enough to make the place where I was going to show my goods as comfortable as I could. I sold a bill of $2500 and never cut a price.

"When I got home I put the order on the old man's desk and went to my stool to make out bills. The old man came in. He picked up the order and looked it over carefully; then he asked one of the boys: 'Vere's Chim? Tell him to com' heer. I vant to see him.'

"I walked into his office. The old man was looking at me over his specs when I came in. He grabbed me by the hand and said so loud you could hear him all over the house: 'Ah, Chim, dot vas a tandy orter! How dit you do it mitoud coting prices, Chim? You vas a motel for efery men ve haf in der house! You got a chob on der road right avay, Chim.'"

So much for my Chicago friend. Now I'll tell you how one young man got on the road not very long ago. He read the Tales of the Road in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and wrote me this letter: "I hope you may answer me this question: What is the best way for me to get 'on the road'—the *best way?* At present I am a book agent and have been for twelve months, working on commission and making good money, but I think there is a better chance for me in a first-class, honest commercial line. Will you write me just three lines telling me the course to pursue? If you want my picture: I am six feet, weight a hundred and forty; I am redheaded, freckle-faced, twenty-one years old next month, and not afraid to dig."

This young fellow saw a chance and made use of it. His letter was bright. I showed it to a road friend of mine who was a member of the firm—and this is something that I, of course, would not do again after publishing this circumstance. He said: "Send that fellow to us. He has a job right now."

A Good Memory

ONE of the striking things about the eminent tragedian, John McCullough, was his remarkable memory. Before he was twenty he had, in three or four weeks, read Chambers' Encyclopædia of English Literature, and could talk as fluently about English letters as a man who had been studying the subject for years.

He was almost a continuous revelation in this regard, and it was from the fact that this same memory attracted the attention of others when he was young that he was led to a very important step in his career.

He remained at the Arch Street Theatre until 1860, when E. L. Davenport, who had met him and taken a liking to him, asked him to come and play under his management in Boston. His physique, beauty of voice and quick emotional character were bringing him rapidly to the front, but he was still regarded as a "young actor," when one day word came that Davenport was sick. McCullough was picked out as the man who would have to play the part that night. Robert Landry, in The Dead Heart, was one of the longest parts on the stage at that time, the leading man being almost continuously before the public. Nevertheless, McCullough said nothing about his not knowing a single line of the part, took the book, and went home. That night he not only played the part letter perfect but in a manner that aroused enthusiasm, even among old theatre-goers. The next season he went back to Philadelphia, and Forrest, who was playing in that city, and who had heard of this quite remarkable exploit, invited the young man to join his company.

A SOCIAL SECRETARY

The Commentaries of a Cæsar in Skirts

HE STOOD AT THE WINDOW WATCHING HER CARRIAGE DRIVE AWAY

FEBRUARY 1.—Last night Robert started for Europe. He is going to see Nadeshda's father and mother. I begin to suspect that Nadeshda has really got abroad and that she has let him know. He is certainly in a very different frame of mind than he was at first. But he says nothing, hints nothing. Rachel, who has a huge sentimental streak in her, has given Robert a letter to her sister Lillian—she's married to one of the biggest nobles in the empire, Prince Gluckstein. Also she has written Ellen a long, long letter telling her all about Robert, and what a great catch he is. And he *is* a great catch now, for Senator Burke has organized a company to take over his patents and pay him a big sum for them—it'll sound fabulously big to such people as the Daraganes. For even where these foreigners are very rich and have miles on miles of land and large incomes from it, they're not used to the kind of fortunes we have—the sums in cash or in property that's easily sold. And the Daraganes have only rank; their estates are quite insignificant, Von Slovatsky says.

"They might as well consent first as last," said Mrs. Burke to me just after Robert left; "for Bob always gets what he wants. He's one of those fellows that want only a few things and never let go of them. Cyrus is the same way—he spent eleven months in the mountains once, and like to 'a' starved and froze and died of fever, just because he'd made up his mind not to come back without a grizzly. That's why the President took to him."

And then she told me that it was Cyrus who thought out the scheme for making Robert financially eligible and put it in such form that Robert consented. That convicted me of injustice again, for I had been suspecting him of being secretly pleased at Robert's setback—he certainly hasn't looked in the least sorry for him. But it may be that Robert has told him more than he's told us. He certainly couldn't have found a closer-mouthed person. As his mother says, "The grave's a blabmouth beside him when it comes to keeping secrets. And most men are *such* gossips."

Mrs. Fortescue came in to tea this afternoon. Mrs. Burke was out calling, and I received her—or, rather, she caught me, for I detest her. Just as she was going Cyrus popped in, and she nailed him before he could pop out. She thought it was a good chance to put in a few strong strokes for her daughter. "Of course, it's very pretty and romantic about Nadeshda," she said, "and in this case I'm sure no one with a spark of heart could object. Still, the principle is bad. I don't think young girls who are properly brought up are so impulsive and imprudent. I often say to my husband that I think it's perfectly frightful the way girls—young girls—go about in Washington. They're out before they should be even thinking of leaving the nursery, and go round practically unchaperoned. It's *so* demoralizing."

"But how are they to compete with the young married women if they don't?" said Cyrus, because he was evidently expected to say something.

"I don't think a man—a *sensible* man—looking for a wife for his home and a mother for his children would want a girl who'd been 'competing' in Washington society," she answered. "I don't at all approve the way American girls are brought up, anyway—it's entirely too free and destructive of the innocence that is a woman's chief charm. And as for turning the girls loose in Washington!" Mrs. Fortescue threw up her hands. "It's simply madness. Most of the men are foreigners, accustomed to meet only married women in society. They don't know how to take a young girl, and they don't understand this American freedom. The wonder to me is that we don't have a regular cataclysm every season. Now, I never permit Mildred to go *anywhere* without me or some other real chaperon. And I know that her mind is like a fresh roseleaf."

Cyrus and I exchanged a covert glance of amusement. Mildred Fortescue is a very nice, sweet girl—but—well, she does fool her mother scandalously.

"I should think a man would positively be *afraid* to marry the ordinary Washington society girl who knows everything that she shouldn't and nothing that she should."

Perhaps that's what makes them so irresistible," said Cyrus.

"Irresistible to flirt with and to *flirt* about with," said Mrs. Fortescue reproachfully. "But I'm sure you wouldn't marry one of them, Mr. Burke."

Oh, I don't know," he answered. "No doubt it does spoil a good many being so free and associating with experienced men who've been brought up in a very different way. But"—he hesitated and blushed uncomfortably—it seems to me that those who do come through all right are about the best anywhere. If a girl has any really bad qualities anywhere in her they come out here. And if a Washington girl does marry a man—for himself—and I rather think they make marriages of the heart more than most girls in the same sort of society in other cities—don't you, Miss Talltowers?——"

"It may be so," I replied. "But probably they're much like girls—and men—everywhere. They make marriages of the heart if they get the chance. And if nobody happens along in the marrying mood who is able to appeal to their hearts they select the most eligible among the agreeable ones they can get. I think many a girl has been branded as mercenary when in reality the rich man she chose was neither more nor less agreeable than the poor man she rejected, and she only had choice among men she didn't especially care for."

Mrs. Fortescue looked disgusted. Cyrus showed that he agreed with me. "What I was going to say," he went on, "was, that if a Washington girl does choose a man, after she has known lots of men and has come to prefer him, she's not likely—at least, not so likely—to repent her bargain. And," he said, getting quite warmed up by his subject, "if a man looks forward to his wife's going about in society, as he must if he lives in a certain way, I think he's wise to select some one who has learned something of the world—how to conduct herself, how to control herself, how to fill the rôle Fate has assigned her."

"Oh, of course, a girl should be well bred," said Mrs. Fortescue, as sourly as her sort of woman can speak to a bachelor with prospects.

Cyrus said no more, and soon she was off. He stood at the window watching her carriage drive away. He turned abruptly—I was at the little desk, writing a note. "You can't imagine," he said with quick energy, "how I loathe the average girl brought up in conventional, exclusive society in America."

"Really?" said I, not stopping my writing—though I don't mind confessing that I was more interested in his views than I cared to let him see.

"Yes, really," he replied ironically. Then he went on in his former tone: "Poor things, they can't help having silly mothers with the idea of aping the European upper classes, and with hardly a notion of those upper classes beyond—well, such notions as are got in novels written by snobs for snobs. And these unfortunate girls are afraid of a genuine emotion—by Jove, I doubt if they even have the germs of genuine emotion. All that sort of thing has been weeded out of them. Little dry minds, little dry hearts—so 'proper,' so—vulgar!"

"Not in Washington," said I.

"No, not so many in Washington; though more and more all the time. Miss Talltowers, will you marry me?"

It was just like that—no warning, not a touch of sentiment toward me. I almost dropped my pen. But I managed to hide myself pretty well. I simply went on with my note, finished it, sealed and addressed it, and rang for a servant. Then I went and stood by the fire. The servant came; I gave him the note and went into my office. I had been in there perhaps ten minutes when he came, looking shy and sheepish. He stumbled over a low chair and had a ridiculous time saving himself from falling. When he finally had himself straightened up and shaken together he stood with his hands behind him, and his face red, and his eyes down, and with his mouth fixed in that foolish little way as if he were about to speak with his fancy-work way of handling his words.

Do you wish something?" I asked.

"Only—only my answer," said he humbly.

Would you believe it?—I actually hesitated.

"I want a woman that doesn't like me for my money, and that at the same time would know how to act and would be—be sensible. I've had you in mind ever since you explained your system for—for"—he smiled faintly—"exploiting mother and father. And mother has been talking in the same way of late. She says we can't afford to let you get out of the family. That's all, I guess—all you'd have patience to hear."

"Then you were making me a serious business proposition?" said I.

"Well, you might call it that," he admitted, as if he weren't altogether satisfied with my way of summing it up.

"I'm much obliged, but it doesn't attract me," I said.

He gave a kind of hopeless gesture. "I've put it all wrong," said he. "I always *say* things wrong. But—I—I believe I *do* things better." And he gave me a look that I liked. It was such a quaint mingling of such a nice man with such a nice boy.

"I understand perfectly," said I, and I can't tell how much I hated to hurt him—he did so remind me of dear old "Ma."

I PUT MY FACE IN MY ARMS

Burke. "But—please don't discuss it. I couldn't consider the matter—possibly

"You won't leave!" he exclaimed suddenly. "I assure you I'll not annoy you. You must admit, Miss Talltowers, that I haven't tried to thrust myself on you in the past. And—really, mother and father couldn't get on at all without you."

"Certainly, I sha'n't leave—why should I?" said I. "I'm very well satisfied with my position."

"Thank you," he said with an awkward bow, and he left me alone.

Of course, I couldn't possibly marry him. But I suppose a woman's vanity compels her to take a more favorable view of any man after she's found out that he wishes to marry her. Anyhow, I find I don't dislike him at all as I thought I did. I couldn't help being amused at myself the next day. I was driving with Jessie, and she was giving me her usual sermon on the advantages of the Burke alliance—if I could by chance scheme it through. "You're very pretty, Gus," she said. "In fact you're beautiful at times. Men do like height when it goes with your sort of a—a willowy figure. Your eyes alone—if you would only *use* them—would catch him. And the Burkes would be—well, they might object a little at first because you've given them a position that has no doubt swollen their heads—but they'd yield gracefully. And although you are very attractive and are always having men in love with you, you've simply got to make up your mind soon. Look how many such nice, good-looking girls have been crowded aside by the young ones. Men are crazy about freshness, no matter what they pretend. Yes, you must decide, dear. And—I couldn't *endure* poor Carteret when I married him."

Carteret is a miserable specimen, and Jessie's ways keep him in a dazed state—like an old hen sitting on a limb and turning her head round and round to watch for a fox that's racing in a circle underneath. Fox doesn't seem exactly to fit Jessie, but sometimes I suspect—however

"But," Jessie was going on, "I knew mamma was my best friend. And when she said, 'Six months after marriage you'll be quite used to him and won't in the least mind, and you'll be so glad you married somebody who was quiet and good,' I married him. And I love him dearly, Gus, and we make each other *so* happy!"

I laughed—Jessie doesn't mind; she doesn't understand what laughter means in most people. I was thinking of what Rachel told me the other day. She said to Carteret, "It must be great fun wondering what Jessie will do next." And he looked at her in his dumb way and said: "What she'll do next? Lord, I ain't caught up with *that*. I'm just about six weeks behind on her record all the time."

But to go back to Jessie's talk to me, she went on: "And Mr. Burke's not so dreadfully unattractive, dear. Of course, he's far from handsome, and—well, he's the son of Mr. and Mrs. Burke—but though they're quite common and all that—

I found myself furiously angry. "I don't think he's at all bad-looking," I said, pretending to be judicial. "He's big and strong and sensible; and what more does a woman usually ask for. And I don't at all agree with you about his father and mother, either—especially his mother. No, Jessie, dear, my objections aren't yours at all. I'm sure you wouldn't understand them, so let's not talk about it."

FEBRUARY 3.—Yesterday Mrs. Tevis sent for me. That was a good deal of an impertinence, but I'm getting very sensible about impertinences. She lives in grand style in a big, new house in K Street—it, like everything about her, is regardless of expense." The Tevises have been making the most desperate efforts to "break in," last season and this, and as Washington is, up to a certain point, very easy for strangers with money, they've gone pretty far. I suppose Washington's like every other capital—the people are so used to all sorts of queer strangers and everything is so restless that no one minds adding to their list of acquaintances any person who offers entertainment and isn't too appalling. And the Tevises have been spending money like water.

It's queer how people can go everywhere that anybody goes, can seem to be "right in it" and yet not be in it at all. That's the way it is with the Tevises. They are at every big affair in the town—White House, embassies, private houses. But they're never invited to the smaller, more or less informal things. And when they do appear at a ball or anywhere they're treated with formal politeness. They know there's something wrong, but they can't for the life of them see what it is. And that's not strange, for who can see the line that's instinctively drawn between social sheep and social goats in the flock that's apparently all mixed up? Everybody knows the sheep on sight; everybody knows the goats. And all act accordingly without anything being said.

Well, Mr. and Mrs. Tevis are goats. Why? Anybody could see it after talking to either of them for five minutes; yet who could say why? It's not because they're [illegible] sets of sheep are nauseating snobs. It's not because they're very badly self-made. It's not impossible to produce a goat that can touch Willie Catesby or Rennie Tucker, yet each of them has ancestors by the score. It isn't because they're new—the Burkes are new, yet Mrs. Burke has at least a dozen intimate acquaintances of the right sort. It isn't because they're ostentatious and boastful about wealth and prices—there are scores of sheep who make the same sort of absurd exhibition of vulgarity. I can't place it. They're just goats, and they know it, and they feel it; and when you go to their house they suggest a restaurant keeper welcoming his customers; and when they come to your house they suggest Cook's tourists roaming in the private apartments of a palace, smiling apologetically at every one and wondering whether they're not about to be told to "step lively."

"ANYHOW, I DON'T CARE TO UNDERTAKE THE JOB"

Mrs. Tevis received me very grandly and graciously, though dreadfully nervous withal, lest I should be seeing that she was "throwing a bluff" and should put her in her place. "I've requested you to come, my dear Miss Talltowers," she began, after she had bunglingly served tea from the newest and costliest and most elaborate tea set I ever saw, "because I had a little matter of business to talk over with you and felt that we could talk more freely here."

"I must be back at half past five," said I, by way of urging her on to the point.

"That will be quite time enough," said she. "We can have our little conversation quite nicely, and you will be in ample time for your duties."

I wonder what sort of dialect she *thinks* in. It certainly can't be more irritating than the one she translates her thoughts into before speaking them. The dialect she inflicts on people sounds as if it were from a Complete Conversationalist, got up by an old maid who had taught school for forty years.

"I have decided to take a secretary for next season," she went on. "Not that I need any such direction as the Burkes. Fortunately, Mr. Tevis and I have had a large social experience on both sides of the Atlantic and have always moved with the best people. But just a secretary—to attend to my onerous correspondence and arrangements for entertaining. The duties would be light, but we should be willing to pay a larger salary than the position would really justify—that is, we should be willing to pay it to a lady such as you are."

I bowed.

"We should treat you with all delicacy and appreciation of the fact that your misfortunes have compelled you to take a—a—position—which—which——"

"You are very kind, Mrs. Tevis," said I.

"And we realized that in all probability the Burkes would have no further use for your services at the end of this season, as you have been most successful with them."

I winced. For the first time the "practical" view of what I've been doing for the Burkes stared me in the face—that is, the view which such people as the Tevises, perhaps many of my friends, took of it. So I was being regarded, spoken of, discussed, as a person who had been bought by the Burkes to get them in with certain people. And it was assumed that, having got what they wanted, they would dismiss me and so cut off a superfluous expense! I was somewhat astonished at myself for not having seen my position in this light before. And I suddenly realized why I hadn't—because the Burkes were really nice people; because I hadn't been their employee, but their friend. What if I had started my career as a dependent of Mrs. Tevis'! I shivered. And when the Burkes should need me no longer—why, the probabilities were that I should have to seek employment from just such dreadful people as these—upstarts eager to jam themselves in, vulgarians whom icy manners and forbidding looks only influence to fiercer efforts to associate with those who don't wish to associate with them.

Mrs. Tevis interrupted my dismal thoughts with a cough, intended to be polite. "What—what—compensation would you expect, may I ask?"

"What do such positions pay?" I said, and my voice sounded harsh to me. I wished to know what value was usually put upon such services.

"Would—say—twenty-five dollars a week be—meet with your views?" she asked, and her tone was that of a person performing an act of astounding generosity.

"Oh, dear me, no," said I with the kind of sweetness that coats a pill of gall. "I couldn't think of trying to get you in for any such sum as that."

I saw that the gall had bit through the sugar-coat. "Would you object to giving me some idea of what the Burkes pay?" she asked, with the taste puckering her mouth.

"I should," I replied, rising. "Anyhow, I don't care to undertake the job. Thank you so much for your generosity and kindness, Mrs. Tevis." I nodded—I'm afraid it was a nod intended to "put her in her place." "Good by." And I smiled and got myself out of the room before she recovered.

I *wish* I hadn't seen her. I hate the truth—it's always unpleasant.

FEBRUARY 5.—Mrs. Burke had thirty-one invitations to-day, eleven of them for her and Mr. Burke. Seven were invitations to little affairs which Mrs. Tevis would give—well, perhaps five dollars apiece—to get to. How ridiculous for her to economize in the one way in which liberality is most necessary. Here they are, spending probably a hundred thousand dollars a season in hopeless attempts to do that which they would hesitate to pay me six hundred dollars for doing. And this when they think I could accomplish it. But could I? I guess not. To win out as I have with the Burkes you've got to have the right sort of material to work on, and it must be workable. Vulgar people would be ashamed to put themselves in any one's hands as completely as Mrs. Burke put herself in my hands.

Oh, I'm sick—sick, sick of it! I'm ashamed to look "Ma" Burke in the face, because I think such mean things about them all when I'm in bed and blue.

FEBRUARY 6.—I decline all the invitations that come for me personally. I sit in my "office" and pretend to be fussing with my books—they give me the horrors! And I was so proud of them and of my plans to make my little enterprise a success.

FEBRUARY 7.—Mrs. Burke came in this afternoon and came round my desk and kissed me. "What is it, dear? What's the matter?" she said. "Won't you tell *me*? Why, I feel as if you were my daughter. I did have a daughter. She came first. Tom was so disappointed. But I was glad. A

(Continued on Page 28)

THE SPECULATIONS OF JOHN STEELE—By Robert Barr

"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS?"

The Richest Woman in the World

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THE clearing in the primeval forest had been only partial, for several tall trees had been left standing here and there grouped around a log house. The house itself resembled the dwelling of an ordinary pioneer, except that it was much larger than any residence a poor woodman was likely to erect. It was built of gray pine logs, the ends roughly dovetailed together with a woodman's axe, and a broad veranda ran completely around the oblong building, a luxury which the pioneer would have denied himself.

About this large log house were grouped many other log buildings with no attempt at regulation or order. Each one appeared to have been put up as needed, and these ranged from an ordinary shed to complete residences. A few hundred yards away from the veranda of the large house, down a sloping lawn, were sands of dazzling whiteness, and along these sands rippled the smallest waves of the largest lake in the world. Anchored in the bay lay a large, white steam yacht, with two funnels and two slender, sloping masts. On this day in late summer the place was a paradise of solitude. The only sound was the gentle whisper of the leaves in the forest, and the impatient pawing of a horse, which a groom held, saddled, by the southern veranda.

Through the open doorway there presently emerged a young woman in a tight fitting riding-habit. She seemed very slight, and not so tall as the average woman. In spite of the frown on her brow, the face was redeemed from absolute ugliness by an indescribable spiritual intellectuality which beamed from it. The whole figure gave an impression of darkness. The hair was black, the complexion almost that of a North American Indian. The eyes of velvet midnight could sparkle with dark anger, but at times would melt into a glance of appeal that was strangely pathetic. Yet the face as a whole seemed to stamp its owner as querulous, fretful, supremely selfish, perhaps.

The girl spoke with cutting sharpness to her groom, who had not placed the horse to please her, sprang with dexterity and lightness into her saddle, gathered the reins in her left hand, and struck the animal a savage blow on the flank with her whip. The horse snorted and reared, pawing the air, and again the whip descended. Now he tried to bolt, but she held him firmly, in spite of her seemingly slight physique, and at last he started off, trembling and mastered. He would have cantered, feeling the exhilaration of the air and the delight of the day in his supple limbs, but the girl appeared to take a grim pleasure in restraining the ardor of her steed, and forcing him to a slow walk. The horsewoman certainly rode well, and looked well in the saddle, but her face was marred by an expression of chronic discontent, which perhaps had a right to be there, for she was accounted the richest woman in the world, living what she supposed to be the simple life. Constance Berrington was one of those unhappy persons whose every wish had been gratified almost before it could be expressed. Slight as she appeared, her health had been good, and she had never yet come upon a crisis in life which money could not smooth away. Parallel with her course a stooping man dodged, unobserved, from tree to tree. There was something of the stealthiness of the savage about him, and he took all the precautions of a savage to avoid detection. For more than a mile the hunter and the hunted kept their course.

The ground rose perceptibly all the way, but at last became tolerably level, and then the girl shook out the reins and settled herself for a gallop. But at that instant the wary pursuer, who day after day during the past month had been baffled by the speed of the horse, sprang out from behind a tree, and seized the bridle near the bit.

The face of the woman became a shade less swarthy with the sudden fright of this encounter, and although she did not cry out or scream, her inward panic was in no way lessened by the sight of the countenance turned upon her. The complexion had the pallor of one risen from the dead, the colorless lips were compressed, and the features drawn and haggard, like those of a man in the last stages of starvation. All the life of this person seemed concentrated in his eyes, which glowed upon her with the fierce light of insanity.

"Let go my horse!" she said in a low, tense voice.

The man tightened his grip.

"Keep quiet!" he said.

She raised her arm and struck the animal with all the force at her command, then with both hands jerked the reins and tried to ride down her obstructer. The horse reared, and for a brief second lifted the man off his feet, but he held on, and horse and man came to the ground together.

"If you try a trick like that again," he cried, "I'll throw you and the horse, and break your white neck. Drop that whip, you vixen!"

Instead of dropping it she raised it again, leaning forward this time to strike the man, but he sprang toward her, holding the rein in his right hand, and with his left caught the whip as it descended, and wrenched it rudely from her grasp. For a moment she thought he was about to strike her, and her arm rose waveringly to protect her face.

"*Will* you keep still?" he demanded.

"If you want money," she said in the quiet, semi-contemptuous tone with which she would have addressed a beggar, "you might have the sense to know that I carry none with me in the forest."

"I want money," he replied, "and I *have* the sense to know you carry none with you.

"Then how do you expect to obtain it by this violence?"

"That I shall have the pleasure of explaining to you a little further on."

She folded her empty hands on her knee, now that he was possessed of both whip and rein.

"I advise you, sir, to turn my horse's head in the other direction, and warn you that you will make less by threats than by trusting to my good-will."

"I reject your advice, Miss Berrington. The philanthropy of your family is well known and widely advertised. Your good deeds probably rise up and call you blessed, but I am not an object of charity, although I may look it. The sum which I demand I shall exact by coercion."

"Oh, very well! Pray do not allow me to hinder you in the least."

"Thank you, Miss Berrington, you shall not."

Placing the riding-rein over his arm, he turned his back upon her and led the horse along the level toward the west for perhaps half a mile farther, when he deflected to the right until they arrived at the top of a high cliff overlooking the lake. Neither had spoken a word during the journey, and Constance Berrington sat very rigidly on her led horse, like a clothed Lady Godiva, sans the beauty. The look of discontent, however, had vanished from her face, and the expression which took its place was not unpleasing.

At the cliff her leader stopped, swung around, and said gruffly: "Get down," without, however, making any offer to assist her.

She sprang lightly from the saddle to the ground, and stood there as if awaiting further commands.

"Seat yourself on that log."

A fallen tree which one of the winter storms had uprooted lay with its branches far out over the chasm. The girl sat down on the trunk as she had been directed.

"I am John Steele, of Chicago," he said.

"That does not interest me," replied the young lady.

"Have you ever heard the name before?"

"No, and don't wish to hear it again."

"Six months ago I was worth ten millions."

"That does not interest me, either."

"You need not reiterate the statement, madam. I shall interest you before I am done with you."

"I wish you were not so slow about it, then."

"Do you know a man named Nicholson?"

"Yes."

"Nicholson tried first to ruin me, and then to murder me."

The young man paused, as if to allow this startling sentence to produce its effect. The girl's eyes were upon the ground, but after a few moments of silence she looked up at him with a languid air of indifference, and said:

"Is this the interesting part? Is any comment expected from me? If so, I can only say that Mr. Nicholson is usually successful in what he attempts, and I deeply regret the failure of his second project. It would have saved me a most unpleasant encounter."

"Quite so," said Steele, tightening his lips. "I am glad you take it that way. Nicholson, as of course you know, was acting for the organization which, I understand, contributes some fifty millions a year toward your support. In spite of your humane wish, he failed in his two attempts, but his third conspiracy succeeded."

"Ah, you were right, Mr. Steele, you *do* interest me. What did he endeavor to do on the third occasion? Consign you to a lunatic asylum?"

"No. To tell you the truth, madam, I feared that would come of itself. The fact that I have not gone mad under the silent persecution I have been called upon to endure leads me to suppose that I shall hereafter be proof against any malady of the mind."

"I do not in the least doubt that. Nothing can damage a sanity already destroyed. If you are not a lunatic you are worse: a cowardly hound who dares to offer violence to an unprotected woman."

Slowly the color mounted in John Steele's pale face, and a glint of admiration came into his eyes. This little woman was absolutely at his mercy, yet she said these words with perfect serenity, and turned upon him a gaze that was absolutely fearless. He noticed now for the first time the gloomy depths of those dark eyes, and thought how much more steadfast and beautiful they were than the blue ones which had crazed his brain on the plains.

"Not such a coward as you think me, madam. Now that we are entirely free from any chance of molestation, when you must recognize your own helplessness, I beg to assure you that I shall treat you with the utmost courtesy."

"Thank you. But let us get to the point. You are John Steele. You were worth $10,000,000. Nicholson plotted against you and ruined you. Nicholson is one of the heads of the combination in New York from which I draw my money. In spite of what you say you are too much of a

"BY JOVE," CRIED THE YOUNG MAN, "I HAVEN'T A SOU MARQUEE ON ME"

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of six stories by Mr. Barr, each independent of the others, but all dealing with "The Speculations of John Steele."

coward to face Nicholson, therefore you have endeavored to kidnap me and terrorize me into giving you a check for $10,000,000. How near am I right?"

"You are exactly right, madam."

"Very well. I refuse to give you one penny."

"Don't say give, madam, I beg of you. Restore is the word. My $10,000,000, although lost to me, has gone into the coffers of your company. You have no more right to it than I have to this horse. I have a right to it because I made it without cheating anybody. I demand it back."

"I have already refused. What is your next move?"

"My next move will take some little time to tell, and you are so impatient of my loquacity that I almost fear to venture ——"

"Oh, pray go on," she cried wearily

"Does the height make you dizzy? I should like to have you look over this cliff."

"It doesn't make me in the least dizzy. I know the cliff very well, and have been here many times. There are five or six hundred feet of sheer precipice, then a ledge of rock, then the lake."

"You have described it admirably, madam. Well, what I shall do is this: I possess within a mile and a half of this place a log house not so large or comfortable as your own. I intend to take you there and to hold you prisoner until I receive back what is mine."

"Mr. Nicholson would have thought out a more feasible plan How long do you expect I shall remain captive without being found? To-night I shall be tracked by dogs, or an Indian will be got, and put on the trail. Your scheme is absurd, Mr. Steele."

"You have forgotten the cliff, madam. I shall lead your horse to the edge of this cliff, strike him with your whip, and send him over. He will lie dashed to death on the ledge six hundred feet below. The Indian or the dog will trace the horse to this cliff. It will be naturally supposed that you have been flung into the waters of the lake, which are another six hundred feet deep. There the search will end, madam. Lake Superior never gives up its dead, and to dredge at that depth is impossible."

"I beg your pardon," she said; "your plan is better than I thought. There is just the risk that the horse, poor creature, may bound from the ledge into the lake, and in that case the search would not end at the cliff"

Saying this, she rose, and walked bravely to the very edge, looking over.

"Don't go too near!" cried John Steele, taking a step toward her. She paid no heed to him, and for a moment he held his breath in alarm as she walked along the very brink of the precipice. Then she turned listlessly.

"The ledge," she calmly remarked, "is quite wide enough for your purpose."

"Oh, I have thought it all out," replied John, relief coming to his voice as she turned away from danger with her head lowered as if in deep thought

Then she took him entirely unawares. With a spring forward like that of a lynx, she jerked the reins away from his unprepared hand. Flicking the horse sharply with the loose leather, making him snort and shy with fear, she then smote him with her open palms on the flank, and away he galloped in a panic of fright. The face she turned to the astonished man seemed transformed. The black eyes danced with delight. She sank to the log again, shaking with laughter.

"Oh, I was wrong, Mr. Steele, when I said you didn't interest me! You do, you do! I have never met so interesting a man before. In twenty minutes, or thereabouts, the riderless horse gallops into my courtyard. Now, Mr. John Steele, of Chicago, what is the next move?"

"Well, logically," said John Steele, smiling in spite of himself, "the next move would be for me to throw you over the cliff."

"No, that wouldn't be logical. It seems to the poor reason that a woman possesses, Mr. Nicholson is the man who should be thrown over"

"I am rather inclined to agree with you, Miss Berrington; but alas, Nicholson is in New York, and you are the only member of the company now in my power."

"Are you quite sure I am in your power?" she asked, looking up at him.

"Frankly, I'm inclined to doubt it."

"I haven't laughed for years," she said; "not since I was a girl."

"Oh, you're nothing more than a girl now!"

"I'm afraid I act like it," she said, flushing slightly, and that evidently not from displeasure. "You are mistaken about Mr. Nicholson being in New York, however. Did you see that white yacht in front of my house?"

"Yes"

"Well, that belongs to Mr. Nicholson."

"Is he your guest?" asked John, the light of battle coming into his eyes.

"No, he is in Duluth. He went there a few days ago in his yacht, and sent the vessel back in case I should wish a sail on the lake. Shall I arrange a meeting between you?"

"I suppose you will not credit me, Miss Berrington, when I tell you that I do not wish to meet Mr. Nicholson and that it is not cowardice which keeps me from the encounter. If I met him I should kill him, then the law would hang me, and I have no desire to be executed"

"Oh, you are quite safe in Michigan!" said the girl encouragingly. "There is no capital punishment in this State."

"I had forgotten about that, if I ever knew it. You see, I live in Illinois, and Nicholson lives in New York. In the one State they hang, and in the other they electrocute. It

"NOW, MR. JOHN STEELE, OF CHICAGO, WHAT IS THE NEXT MOVE?"

may be weak in me, but I shrink from either of those ordeals, much as I detest Nicholson."

The girl rose to her feet, put up both hands to her hair, and arranged the black tresses that had gone astray.

"How long have you possessed your log house, Mr. Steele?"

"About two months. One month I have spent around your house watching for you, but you have always left on a gallop, or else that confounded groom of yours was following you, and I didn't want to hurt him In truth, I didn't wish to hurt anybody."

"Poor man. Have you been lingering in the forest all that time? No wonder you look like an escaped convict."

"Do I?" asked Jack in alarm, glancing down at his ragged garments. "I suppose I do. Since I came into the forest I have paid no attention to my personal appearance. Pray accept my apologies."

"Don t mention it. I suppose you didn't expect to meet a lady."

"Well, I've been frustrated so often that I suppose I did not

"You are, then, my nearest neighbor? By the rights of etiquette I should have made the first call, being the older resident. I think, however, Mr. Steele, that your methods of teaching me politeness and duty to a newcomer were somewhat rough. So, if you will excuse me, I shall not go with you to your log cabin this evening. It is getting late; see how low the sun has sunk, and how gloriously he lights up the lake."

"Yes," said John somewhat dolefully, "it reminds me of the copper situation here."

"It is copper that brings Mr. Nicholson to this district," she replied brightly; "although I suppose I should not tell that to an opposing speculator."

"Oh, hang Nicholson," said Jack hastily; then: "Really, I beg your pardon, madam. I have been a savage this two months past, as you very rightly remarked."

"I was going to say," she went on, "that if you will waive etiquette, and come and dine with me to-night, I shall be very glad of your company"

"Oh, really, Miss Berrington, that is heaping coals of fire on this tousled head of mine! I could not venture into a civilized household in this attire. I am sure you will excuse me"

"Indeed I shall not. I make a bold appeal to your gallantry. I do not know my way: I am certain to get lost in the forest. You see, my horse has always been my guide, and, entirely through your fault, my horse is no longer here to lead me through these woods, so please be my pathfinder."

"Certainly, certainly; I'll lead you to the gates, but don't ask me to come in. I'm very much ashamed of myself, and I assure you that if your horse were here I would help you to mount and you should depart unscathed."

"You didn't help me to dismount," said the girl, glancing at him with eyes brimful of mischief, and laughing again

"Ah, you should not hold that against me. We were not acquainted then. It seems years ago instead of minutes I think if you and I had met when I first called on you my later troubles would all have been averted"

"They did not tell me you had called."

"My visit was to your palace in Fifth Avenue, where I was received by a gorgeous individual with a cockney accent, whose knowledge of geography was such that he supposed Lake Saratoga and Lake Superior were neighbors, and about of a size."

"Really? You met Fletcher, then? Poor man, he is quite lost, now, for I have him here with me in the woods. Nicholson brought him in the yacht. I rather suspect that the quiet Mr. Nicholson wishes to acquire this man's services, but, thank goodness, I can always outbid him, and Fletcher is peculiarly susceptible to the charms of money."

"Fletcher seems to be in demand, then?"

"He is most useful, but I fancy, which is a phrase he is very fond of, that he is most unhappy, for I have compelled him to abandon his gorgeous raiment and dress as a Northern farmer. I fear I shall have to restore his plumage, for he seems to think he has lost caste entirely. I have been unable to convince him that he has gained it, but perhaps when he sees you, and learns you were worth $10,000,000 six months ago, he will be reconciled."

They were walking homeward through the forest, but at this remark John stopped, and said ruefully:

"Look here, Miss Berrington, if you are merely taking me with you to show Fletcher how badly a man may be costumed, I shall at once return to my cabin, for I have another suit there. I think that allusion to my clothes was most unkind, just as I was trying to forget them"

"Indeed, I am going to turn you over to Fletcher, who will see that you are clothed, now that you are in your right mind. I think this is the spot where I first had the pleasure of meeting you, Mr. Steele."

"Now that's another subject you are not to refer to."

"Dear me, I must get you to write out a list of them." And the sprightly little woman looked up at him with merriment sparkling in her fine eyes. No one would have recognized her as the vixen who a short time before had browbeaten her servant and lashed her horse. A cry rang out through the forest

"They are looking for me,' she said. "Answer the cal. '

Jack Steele lifted up his voice and gave utterance to a piercing scream that rent the silence like the screech of a locomotive.

"Bless us and keep us!" cried Constance Berrington, covering her small ears with her small hands. "Is that an Indian war-whoop?"

"No; it's the acme of civilization, merely a college yell. If any of your people are graduates of the University of Chicago they'll recognize it."

The people, who were not graduates of anything except the college of hard labor, hurried to meet them with anxious faces.

"No, I am not in the least hurt," Constance told them quite composedly. "I was merely compelled to dismount more rapidly than I usually do. Did the horse get home all right?"

"Yes, miss."

"Then everything is as it should be. Luckily this gentleman was near by, and I came to no harm. Fletcher!"

The dejected, crestfallen man came slowly to the front, and she advanced a few rapid steps to him and gave him

(Continued on Page 30)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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When the Party Wields the Whip

APPARENTLY President Roosevelt has four clear years before him—fourteen hundred and odd days, each day crowded with opportunities for the right and the just, in which he delights. But——

A year from next November come the Congressional elections. To carry elections as politics are now constructed, the interest of "abstract" right and justice must often be subordinated to the "practical" morality of the interest of "the party." For, whatever else fails, "the party" must not. And the President is the leader of "the party," the guardian of its destiny—it being in turn the guardian and controller of his destiny. The campaigning for a Congress "in sympathy with" the Administration will begin not later than next December. Then, as soon as the Congressional elections are out of the way, the log-rolling for the Presidential campaign of 1908 will begin, and the President will wish to see to it that he is succeeded by a man of "the Grand Old Party," a man, as nearly as "the practical" permits, in sympathy with his ideas.

How much time, actually, has a President in which to enforce his own ideas of the ought-to-be, regardless of party exigencies, regardless of the "practical" necessities of conciliation and compromise?

Your Children's Inheritance

AMONG the motives that prompt a man to the accumulation of wealth none is more natural than the love of family, next to love of life it is the most elemental instinct. Even this incentive is a mixture of good and bad. We see the wrong motives in the man that amasses wealth for his children and neglects to teach them the right manner of using it; and it gives us a mental picture of the small child with a hammer and a mirror: he is going to smash something and cut his fingers.

A man's natural ambition—and the one deepest in the thought of every moral parent—is to see in his children the fulfillment of his own frittered ambitions. Realizing that the rest of his life is too brief to mend the broken fragments of his failures, he finds no alternative but that his children shall be equipped to profit by his mistakes and carry on the work his ambition has set too late for accomplishment. He means that they shall have a right start.

If he was a poor boy, and remembers the hardships and privations of his early life, he plans that his children shall have a happier youth. If he worked his way through college, he sees that his son has the luxuries of modern university life. But does he not forget that out of the hardships of his youth, from his struggles for an education, grew the clear vision with which he views his own deficiencies?

No; teach the child that glass is brittle and will break and cut the fingers, and that a hammer has its good and proper uses. Leave your children wealth if you can; but leave with it the rules for its wise use. And if you have not gained the success that is measured in terms of dollars count it no failure that your child's only heritage from you is a sound body, right principles and the means to earn a living cheerfully.

Idle Hands and Busy Tongues

EVERY day every newspaper has column after column of advertisements for situations. And only a small part of these are applications from beginners. Apparently, the boys and the girls have small difficulty in making a start. The trouble comes afterward.

Beyond question, a good worker does now and then lose his job from some cause that is no reflection on him. But this fact does not destroy the significance of the small proportion of beginners who have to advertise. Among the adult advertisers you will find the man who won't work for less than so much, the man who always has a troublesome boss and the woman who wants "light work." And all of these have an inalienable right to lay down the conditions on which alone they will condescend to sell their labor. But they have no right to sit about, discussing the labor question. What such want is, not the right to labor, but the right to idle.

It would be interesting and instructive to know in just what proportion these two elements—the right to labor and the right to idle—combine to make the so-called labor question.

E Pluribus Unum

WITHOUT any outcry whatever, President Roosevelt has been able to return the Southern battle-flags which President Cleveland tried to return with a resulting din so great that even he beat a retreat. This incident will not cause better feeling between North and South; it simply marks the existence of that better feeling—or, rather, the existence of the absence of any sectional feeling.

True, the politicians of the South will still tear their hair; and here and there in the North an old political rascal will try to distract attention from himself by waving the "bloody shirt."

But the Civil War as an issue is dead at last. The net result of all the sectional shouting against Mr. Roosevelt in the recent campaign was a significantly small Southern vote for his opponent.

One of the great, splendid facts about this vast nation of ours is that it is American in spirit throughout. What the majority resolves, most of the minority approves almost as heartily as, sometimes more heartily than, its own rejected policy. *E Pluribus Unum.*

Doctor Osler's Dead Line

DOCTOR OSLER'S gibes at the man over forty as a spent rocket have been everywhere denounced and combated. But in repelling this assault the man over forty has shown a suspicious anger. Why was it necessary to answer the doctor at all? Why were not his jeers received smilingly and forgotten, if they were the preposterous joke that is alleged?

The truth is that many men of forty do act as if they were spent rockets and had passed their prime for creative work, as if the time had come for them to harvest what they had sowed between twenty and forty. And so, while theoretically Doctor Osler, as reported in the press, was a little too radical, practically he was lamentably near to the sad truth. Forty is for man or woman the perilous age, and few, indeed, pass it unscathed and unblighted.

Few, indeed, have the energy and the persistence to maintain that a man is young, is a growing thing, until he is dead and buried: that life is not for the reaping of harvests but for the sowing of seed.

The average man of forty begins at last to think of the future of his supplanting children. The wise man of forty relearns from his children the lesson of youth and progress and hope.

Manufactured Rarity

IT WAS the glory of an eighteenth-century bibliophile that he knew more of books than any man living—except as to what they were about. His ideal, as satirized by Sheridan, was a rivulet of text flowing through meadows of margin. To-day we are going this many better. The glory of the modern collector is not to know more of books, but to pay more for them—at least for the paper and binding. Meadowlike margins are not good enough. What he especially delights in is illuminations put in by hand, and specially-designed crushed-levant bindings, specially tooled and inlaid.

Even this, however, does not sufficiently hoist the price. The greatest recognized source of value in books is rarity. So the astute publisher strictly limits the number of sets to be printed. A lady lately deceased paid $2000 a volume for a thirty-nine-volume Shakespeare, hand illuminated, and in specially inlaid binding—$78,000 in all. The chief item in the valuation was the fact that the edition was limited to seven sets.

Her heirs protested the bill on the ground that she was insane. Whatever the alienist may say, plain people will grant them right. The real value and beauty of a book is to be easily read, and durable. Socrates argued that even a dung-basket was beautiful if it was handy and strong. That there is a value in genuine rarity is probable, though modern means of making fac-similes has reduced it to a vanishing minimum. We can get as clear an idea of Elizabethan typography in photographic copies of the folios of Shakespeare as in the originals; and a mere reprint of the rare first quartos of Romeo and Juliet and Hamlet tells all that can be told of the care and pains with which the great dramatist wrote and rewrote his plays, cutting, expanding and transposing.

In only one respect is a rare thing like a good thing: there must not be too much of it. Of books like the $78,000 Shakespeare, the less there are the better. It is to be hoped that the courts will point out to the publishers that in such cases of rarity strict logic requires the printing of no copies at all.

A Sanitary Nation

THE doctors are taking to medical science and its new phases as exploited by them all the credit for the marvelous health of the campaigning Japanese. And, no doubt, the earnest activity of the intelligent Japanese military surgeons has had a great deal to do with the keeping down of camp diseases. But there is another factor, even more important, which the doctors are overlooking, but which we laymen ought to ponder.

That fact is that the people of Japan are, by centuries of custom, a sanitary people. They habitually eat in moderation; they habitually bathe every day and wear the cleanest and simplest of clothing; they regularly drink large quantities of water each morning and take deep-breathing exercises.

It is not surprising that the doctors accomplish such results with such subjects.

Advanced Matrimony

THE love-and-beauty editor of a yellow journal lately owned up that she was stumped by the query of a young woman correspondent in search of a husband. The correspondent was thirty-two, good looking, and very successful in business. But for all that she had never had a lover; and when, at her not immature age, she made advances to an eligible young man, the ungrateful brute complained that she was trying hard to catch him. "If you seek for a husband," wrote this correspondent, "it won't do. And if you wait for him to apply you get left. What am I to do?"

The love-and-beauty editor threw up her hands, and fell back upon the world-old platitude that love is a lottery. Even Schopenhauer was incapable of such cynical pessimism as this. Of all things in the world, love and marriage are most demonstrably a matter of primordial fate. "In the first kiss of the betrothed," said the philosopher, "the passions of all our forefathers unite in us, and untold generations to come cry out in the longing to be born."

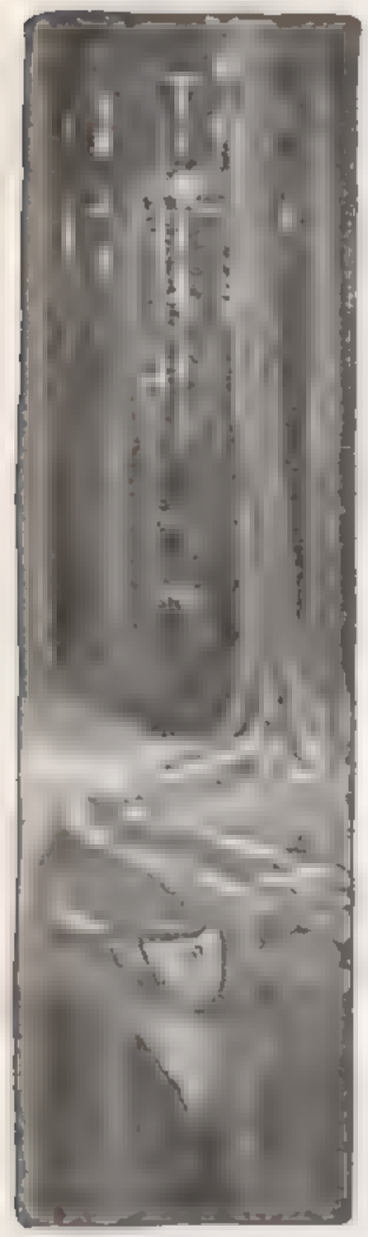
As for this particular case, it seems at first sight to confirm the theory of Bernard Shaw that man, far from being the pursuing animal in the chase matrimonial, is the unwilling victim. Behold the trick of the paradoxer—to make half truth masquerade as eternal verity! According to the correspondent's own confession, if the woman "tries hard" she "gets left." Nothing so disgusts a man worthy of the name as to feel himself the object of the chase.

The ever womanly instinct is to flee—in order to entice pursuit, and in the end be captured. Man's instinct is to pursue—and his fate is that in the very hour of what he thinks his triumph he is caught. The climax of the so-called duel of sex is that both parties are annihilated as individuals. The conquering hero is posterity. When the correspondent let her eligible young man see that she was setting her cap for him, she proved unworthy of her sex, and—we regret to add—of the human race.

Hers is the tragedy of the advanced and self-reliant young woman of the day. Nature ordained, in her blind shaping of the emotions, that the human animal, like animals less human, should mate at the season in which the unreflecting instincts have sway. Civilization, with all its complexities of education and reason, has postponed the mating season a full decade and more. And so it is that those whose blessed instincts are not of the strongest are destined to celibacy. Under the guidance of their mere intelligence, they think it a badge of distinction to preserve their individuality at the expense of posterity.

A few, like the correspondent, are wise enough to see the holiness of the state—but only at a time when the primal instincts have gone thin and dry. Their case is very pitiful. It is for them that we hold forth the advice denied by the love-and-beauty editor. The correspondent's mistake was that she "waited." Flee, sister! Flee as if for your life! The harder you flee, the surer you are to be caught.

THE GOSPELLERS



Heroic Itinerants Who Carried Religion and Civilization into the American Wilderness

By Rebecca Harding Davis

ODDLY enough, the most picturesque chapter of American history is as yet unwritten. It is that which will tell of the first attacks by the different religious sects upon the devil in the settlers and in the savages. We have, it is true, occasional grave accounts of their measures to save souls, but there were strange happenings in these assaults which are not set down in such annals, but which give to us to-day a clearer insight into the conditions of the times than do any formal history.

Take Father Marquette's story just as it is, for instance. A gallant young noble, in an ancient French town which for centuries had been a theatre for the glory of his family, chooses to give up his heritage—war and fame—and to go half around the world to an unbroken wilderness, there to uplift the savages. No glory is to be found in the adventure. It is a plunge into blackest night, with the certainty at the end of a nameless, forgotten death. In fact, the gallant young fellow prayed with such bitterness throughout all the years of his adventure that he "might die alone in the wilderness, far from human succor," that the worldly reader now finds himself wondering who the woman was that had driven his soul into these lonely straits.

No one knows, or ever will know. But there is no more dramatic figure in American history than this first white man standing upon the banks of the Mississippi among the savages whom he had saved, the chill of death creeping up through his veins.

A picturesque figure, too, is that of Asbury, the great Methodist itinerant. Another young fellow—English this time—leaves his comfortable home and comes to the same vast wilderness. For nearly half a century he travels unceasingly on horseback, on foot, he climbs mountains, he fords rivers, he forces a way through unbroken wildernesses; a fastidiously clean man, he sleeps in filthy, vermin-ridden cabins or on the ground; he travels, every year, thousands of miles. And for what? To save souls.

This is an old fashioned true story, and, if you choose, you may find some significant hints in it of changed conditions in the world.

Some of his friends once proposed to Francis Asbury that he should take to himself a wife. He laughed. "My salary," he said, "is sixty-five dollars a year and food for me and my horse. Can a woman live on that?"

He did not tell them that out of these sixty-five dollars he supported his mother in England. He had sold his watch and his second suit of clothes once to send her more money, and never was able to replace them. She was an old woman, whom he had not seen since he was a boy. But she and her poor little cabin in Kent made the only home for him that he had in the world.

Asbury, we are told, "was a sickly fellow, and always desponding." But he rode, and tramped, and forded rivers and to the last hour of his life brought Christ home to the soul of every man he met. Add to this the fact that the man had a keener appetite than other men for a good meal and a good house and the company of happy, pretty women, and you can make out the story for yourselves.

In those first years, when there were few breaks in the wilderness that stretched from sea to sea, the preaching was necessarily itinerant. The different sects held their men in leash, so to speak, but it was a loose hold. They came and went at their own pleasure, or, as they were apt to claim, at the will of God.

Outside of the borders of any sect were the gospellers, who traveled incessantly, holding stations for meetings in the forest. A hollow tree, cut off midway, served as a pulpit, while the congregation, gathered from far and near, were squatted on the ground. Chief among these traveling missioners was Lorenzo Dow, the son of a poor Connecticut farmer, who was called in a dream at nineteen to preach, and who continued at the work until death silenced him.

No Respecter of Learning

ASBURY had the foundations of an education in boyhood; he was hungry for knowledge, and always carried one or two books in his pocket on his endless marches. Thus, during his fifty years of journeying he made himself a fair Latin and Greek scholar. But Dow had no respect for learning. The universe held only, besides Dow, God and the devil. He talked to them both in his sleep. His diary of his travels shows that they were directed by his dreams. He often saw "mankind hanging by a thread over the pit of hell," and with frantic haste strove to save them. Conferences and bishops found him hard to manage; hence, he preached for years before he was ordained. He once was warned in a dream to save the Irish people, and going to a seaport worked his way in the hold of a ship to Cork. In Ireland he was treated with more humanity than at home, where he had met with cruel usage from the coarse squatters. We should call Dow insane nowadays, but he must have had a natural fiery eloquence which burned the memory of him into his times. And, after all, his purpose was as sane as that of Paul or John.

Many queer anecdotes of him have come down by tradition in the mountains of Virginia. One story is that he was once trapped into matrimony by a shrew who tried to force him to give up his hunt for souls for that of bears. The good man bore patiently with her for a year. One day he brought home a doe that he had killed and threw it down before the cabin door. His wife came out. Dow went to the other side of the deer.

"I married you only until death should us part," he said, pointing to the carcass, and then marched away, never to return to that range of mountains.

These grim gospellers were not without humor, judging from the old stories which have come down to us. One of them, Thomas White, was greatly baffled in his cure of souls by the preaching of a prophet named Rogers, who taught that there was no God and no hell; hence that there was no need for honesty, virtue or marriage. When Father White arrived in a certain village in New Jersey he found that the young people had dubbed themselves Rogerines, and were beginning to live on this basis. A young man and woman whom he had known since childhood presented themselves foremost in the crowd.

"We are living together," they declared insolently, "and no preacher shall dare to marry us."

"Oh! You are living together? What do you mean by that, John? Are you going to be true to this woman and have nothing to say to any other?"

"I mean to do just that," swaggered John.

"But you, Mary? You will take John to-day and some other man to-morrow?"

"No, no! I've taken him for good."

"Then," said the old man, lifting his hands, "I pronounce you man and wife. Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

The Rogerines soon died out. But new sects sprang up with each new year. This was especially the case in Pennsylvania. The incoming Germans brought with them many kinds of fantastic creeds, and formed communities throughout the Alleghany Mountains of divers size and character, from the powerful and wealthy brotherhood of the Rappites, on the Ohio, to the groups of two or three long-haired ascetics who had their caves on the Wissahickon hills near Philadelphia.

The chief among these was Kelpius, a scholarly young German, who sought the wilderness to escape from conventions and to find the real meaning of life. He was followed by about forty disciples who donned sackcloth and preached all kinds of vagaries. Some of them took to marriage and others to drink, and all deserted him. Kelpius apparently was a sincere, pure soul. He seems to have found content with God and Nature, and while he was still a young man died, quite alone, in the forest.

But the peculiar feature of the religious life of those days was the traveling soul-doctor, like Asbury, Père Marquette or Dow. He took his life in his hand as he came and went, facing savages, wild beasts, and more deadly malaria; but St. Francis himself was not more beloved by the lepers of Umbria than was he by the poor mountain squatters of the Alleghanies. If he could obtain a quart of salt in the towns he could pay his way royally through the mountains. Salt, you must remember, was then in the wilderness a more common currency than silver. Once each year a deputation of settlers crossed the mountains to barter the cattle and other produce of all the farms in the seaport towns. They brought back the pay in salt. A cow and a calf were worth a bushel of it, and so precious was it that the law required that "when the salt was put into the measure it should be sifted in lightly by the hand, and no one be allowed to cross the floor during

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8044	Won't You Fondle Me? Love Song	Arthur Collins
8045	Tell Me With Your Eyes	Edison Male Quartette
8046	Ye Ancients March	Edison Concert Band
8047	Tommy (Tell Me True),	Harlan & Stanley
8048	My Carolina Lady, Sentimental Song	Miss Ada Jones
8049	Harvest Moon is Shining on the River	Albert Benzler
	Solo	Harry Anthony
8051	Tennessee Minstrels	Minstrels
	Dark Man Coming With a Bundle	
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the operation lest it should be unduly shaken down." I give this as a homely but significant hint of the social condition of the people who were led by the gospellers.

We find in the old records of those days accounts of many preachers whose doctrines and conduct were unconventional enough—old Antoine Benezet, for instance, who laid the foundations in the village of Philadelphia of the modern Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Every spavined old horse or mangy dog was his friend, to the disgust of his neighbors. But their patience gave out when during a long, hard winter he fed each day swarms of rats in his back yard. The neighbors protested angrily.

"What!" cried the old man. "Shall I eat and see my brotherers starve?"

The religion of those days, however, had little of this gracious, Christlike quality. It was usually made up of fierce controversies or rapt visions.

John Woolman, at seven, had a revelation which ruled and uplifted his whole life. That poor little tailor of Mount Holly preached truths so high, in English so pure, that Charles Lamb summoned all England to pay heed to them. But Woolman, like Dow, was directed by his dreams. He went about in clothes and hat of undyed wool, "being warned not to wear a lie in his coat and breeches." Being ordered in a dream to preach the gospel to the English, a first-class passage was bought for him by some wealthy friend. But the cushions and gilding on the cabin scared him as temptations of the devil, so he betook himself to the steerage, where he remained and worked among the sick paupers during the two months of the voyage.

It is curious to notice how often these devout men were drawn in dreams or waking visions to go to the ends of the earth in search of lost souls, turning their backs on those in their own fields or kitchens. One godly Quakeress, who had preached all through the Colonies, heard the heavenly call to go first to France, then to Italy, and afterward to the Arabs in Northern Africa. She obeyed it, and actually went and preached in these countries, though she did not know a word of any language spoken in them. If, she reasoned, the wretched foreigners did not know English she was not to blame. She was guiltless in their damnation. Then, as now, nervous restlessness was often mistaken for holy fervor.

To us of the laity, as we look back, the most remarkable feature of the early religious life in this country was the powerful individual influence which the leaders of different organizations exerted upon their followers. A man collected a body of believers in his creed in Europe, brought them here and formed a community in the wilderness. Very soon they adopted his habits and idiosyncrasies as well as the tenets of his faith. This was especially the case with the stern Puritan leaders in New England; with Rapp, the Communist, in Pennsylvania; and with George Whitefield in Savannah. The zealous Georgians, who would have none of the ascetic High Church doctrines taught to them by the Wesleys, adopted the fervid radical as their leader.

The most remarkable instance of this one-man spiritual domination, perhaps, was that of Dimitri Gallitzin, in the Alleghany Mountains. His story is almost forgotten, but is worth the telling.

The Gallitzins were great boyars and princes in Russia before the Romanoffs were even known to exist. Dimitri's father was ambassador, under Catharine II, at The Hague; his mother was one of the most noted beauties in Europe. The boy had, from both sides, the blood of famous soldiers in his veins; he held rank in his cradle as an officer in Catharine's bodyguard. He was educated wholly for a military life. His mother retired to a lonely estate with him, donned coarse clothes, and surrounded herself with scholars and philosophers in order to train him as a pagan and a stoic. He was crammed with languages, and was perpetually drilled in the hope that he would take place as the most skilled soldier of his day. But the fighting blood in his veins had turned white as milk. At twenty he was a prey to nervous terrors, he trembled at a sudden noise, and cried if he were left alone in the dark. Even his mother was forced to acknowledge that this last of the great fighting race was a coward.

John Adams, who was a friend of his father, counseled that the boy should be sent to this country "to see the world." The advice was taken. When he was on the pier at Rotterdam, ready to embark, the terror of the voyage overcame him with a deadly faintness; he clung to his mother, begging to stay.

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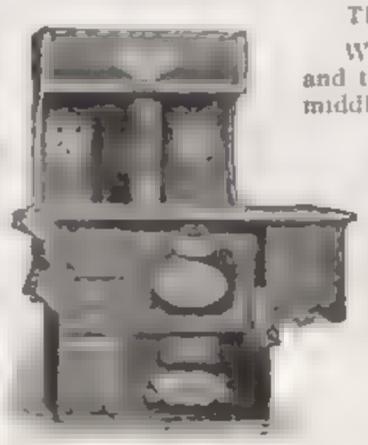

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describing our full line of ranges, cook stoves, heaters and base burners of approved design and attractive style. Then compare the Kalamazoo quality and the Kalamazoo-direct-to-you price, with the quality and price offered you by your local dealer and we're perfectly willing to leave the decision to you.

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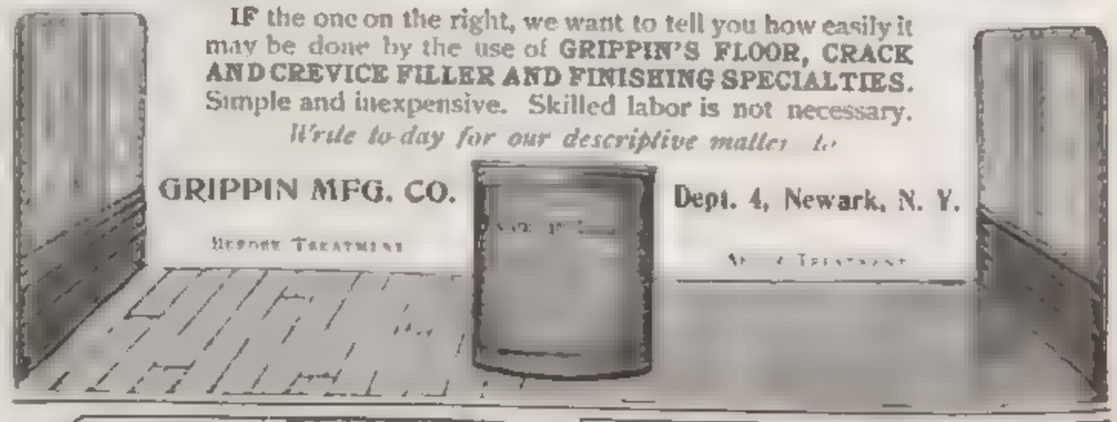

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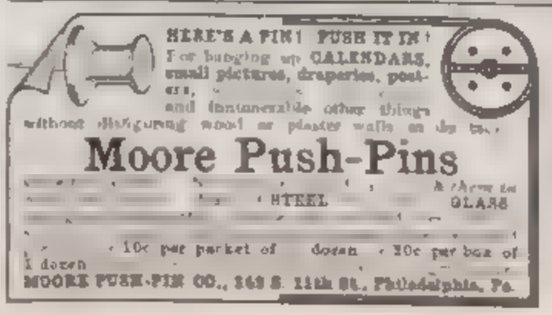

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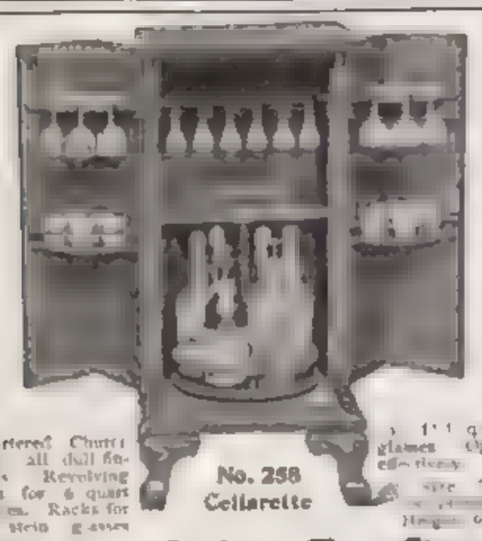

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"You disgrace me!" she cried, and pushed him from her with such force that he fell into the sea. He was picked up unconscious and taken to the ship. He refused to return or to see his mother again. The blow or the cold baptism had worked a strange change in the man's nerves. He never again in his life showed the least sign of fear

On the voyage to this country he came to know the emigrants in the hold, and conceived the idea of giving his life to the help of such poor wretches in the world. Some time after he had reached Baltimore he sent word home that he had entered the priesthood. His father ordered him to return home, his mother pleaded, the Empress commanded. But Dimitri Gallitzin remained in the mountains of Pennsylvania while he lived.

His family sent him large sums, but he spent them all in buying tracts of land and colonizing them with poor emigrants. He laid out settlements within a radius of a hundred miles for his wretched dependents and for fifty years was not only a missionary to these people but their doctor, nurse and friend, living himself in abject poverty, tramping the year round through wildernesses infested with wild beasts, or forcing his way though swollen rivers. He did not know fear.

During this half-century of poverty and at last of want, his place and estates waited for him in Russia whenever he chose to claim them

Gallitzin not only taught his flock religion, but imbued them with the qualities of his own strong personality. They held him in such reverence that they refused to believe that he was dead nor would they bury his body

Twenty years ago I saw it, still above ground, in a little chapel in the mountain village of Loretto. I do not know whether it is still kept as a holy relic or not, but I do know that something of Father Gallitzin's sincerity, his zeal and his friendly spirit still lingers in the character of the mountain people to whose elevation he gave his life.

Sermons in Stones

As picturesque a figure among the old gospellers as the Russian prince was David Zeisberger, a Moravian peasant When he was a lad of fifteen the famous Count Zinzendorf adopted and educated him, bringing him to America when he came to visit his colony of pious Moravians at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

The boy wandered through the wilderness with the Lenape Indians and conceived a curious friendship for them. He seems to have had the same passionate pity for them which Gallitzin felt for the wretched steerage folk

His longing to lift them up and make Christians of them was, he believed, a call from God. In those days young men were on the watch for calls out of the unknown.

Count Zinzendorf and his suite at last started home. They were on the ship in the harbor at New York; it had weighed anchor, when the count found David alone on deck, watching the receding land with tears in his eyes.

"Is it possible that you do not wish to go back to Europe?" he asked, for a pleasant and prosperous future awaited the boy there.

"No. God bids me go into that wilderness and work for Him!" David cried.

Zinzendorf also believed in calls from the unseen "Go back, then, in God's name!" he said The ship was brought to, and David went back. For sixty-two years he lived with the savages, trying to help them. He never would take a dollar of salary from any church.

When, at a great old age, he lay dying in his hut, crowds of his poor Indian converts knelt in the fields without, singing the hymns of triumph which he had written for them in their own tongue.

The old gospellers belonged to all of the Christian sects. They wandered from settlement to settlement, facing danger and death daily trying to save souls. We have full biographies of all the notable soldiers in the colonies, but not a word of these men, although their lives were great Iliads of daring and endurance.

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one of the many qualities of OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND—but what does it mean?

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is "hand-selected." Every sheet sold has been carefully examined and passed as perfect by the keen eye and nimble fingers of a young woman who for years has done this, and this only.

Truly, OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND seems to be "made a little better than seems necessary," but in business life to-day, wise men buy the best.

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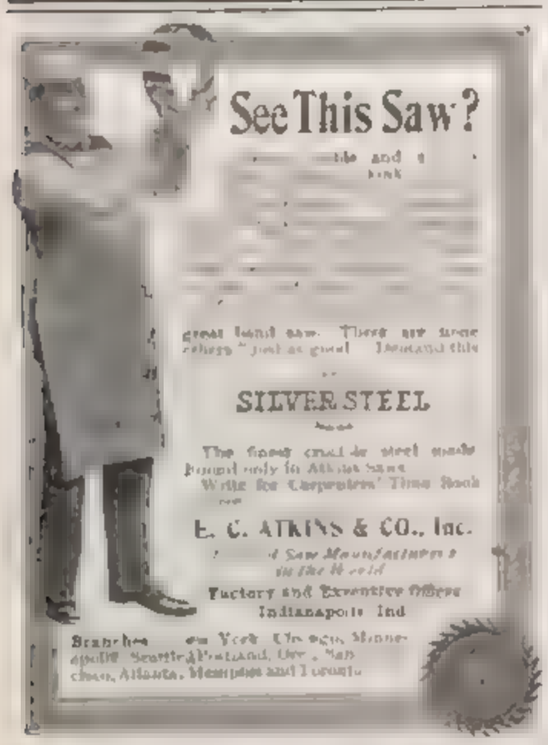

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Oddities & Novelties of Every-Day Science

FISHING FOR OLD PORCELAIN — A limited Japanese industry in which the cuttlefish is used for bait and tackle.

DID you ever hear of fishing for old porcelain? Probably not, for it is an entirely new industry. Dr Hugh M. Smith, of the United States Bureau of Fisheries, saw it in operation recently when he was in Japan.

More than a century ago, it appears, a large sailing junk made the voyage from Korea to Japan with a cargo of extremely valuable porcelain intended for the palace of the Emperor. A storm arose when the vessel was in sight of port, and she sank in the Inland Sea, only a short distance from Kyoto. Her captain and crew committed suicide, which is the Japanese method of escaping from an embarrassing situation. And that was the last that was heard or thought of the precious crockery for a hundred years.

Now the Japanese have a very curious and interesting way of capturing the cuttlefish—the eight-armed cephalopod which is sometimes called octopus and sometimes devilfish. The octopus likes above all things to hide its soft body in a hole, among the rocks or elsewhere, thus protecting itself from enemies, and then to reach abroad with its long sucker-armed tentacles for prey. Taking advantage of this fact, the fishermen in those waters lower into the depths empty earthenware pots, into which the devilfish climb, to be presently drawn to the surface and secured. They are a great delicacy as food in Japan, being esteemed a dainty.

One day it occurred to an ingenious Jap that possibly this idea might be turned upside-down and utilized for the recovery of some of the porcelain from the wreck of the junk, the location of which was exactly known, though it was far too deep to be reached by divers. Accordingly the ingenious one fastened a good-sized weight to a fishing-line, lowered it into the depths and waited awhile. When the pot was drawn to the surface, lo! it was found to have taken possession of a porcelain vase—a veritable gem of the potter's art, which fetched more money in the market than the fisherman could have earned by a year's hard work.

Other people, having found out what was going on, thought they would try it for themselves, and ever since then the business of fishing for crockery in that promising locality has been steadily pursued, with the result that a considerable part of the cargo from the wreck has been recovered.

SEEDLESS GRAPES — A bearing vine of good size will be worth $1,000,000 to the producer.

A SEEDLESS grape of large size would be worth $1,000,000—just one vine, that is to say, from which the variety might be propagated. The trouble with all grapes without seeds, up to now, is that they are small.

Now and then a few seedless berries are found in a bunch of grapes, but usually the [illegible] seems to be due to [illegible] pollination. Furthermore, and owing to the same cause, the berries without seeds are smaller than the others. In this country no seedless grape has ever originated, and though a number of seedless varieties are grown in Europe, they are all small.

It is particularly in Greece that the cultivation of small seedless grapes has been developed, and all of the varieties there grown for the dried-fruit market are known commercially as "currants"—owing, as is supposed, to the fact that they were first exported in large quantities from the port of Corinth. Since that time the business of raising the little grapes has increased enormously, and at present it is the most important item of agriculture in Greece.

The culture of currants in California has proved unprofitable. Growers in that State are now working on another line, and are trying to drive out the imported product by putting up large seeded raisins in neat boxes for market. Thanks to the invention of grape-seeding machinery, the annual pack of such raisins has already become enormous, millions of dollars being invested in the industry. One advantage that the California raisins have is that the processes used in preparing them are admirably clean, whereas those employed in the case of the imported currants are so filthy and unpleasant that most people would be disinclined to eat them if they were acquainted with the details.

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and others who have distinguished themselves in various branches of outdoor sport during 1904. Printed in color on art paper 7½ x 45 inches from drawings by Scotson Clark, and enclosed as a separate insert with our

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showing the authoritative Spring fashions for men and boys. Sent free on application to our store at 845 Broadway, New York City.

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Each size and style is designed from living models and executed in accordance with an experience gained by fifty years continuous experience.

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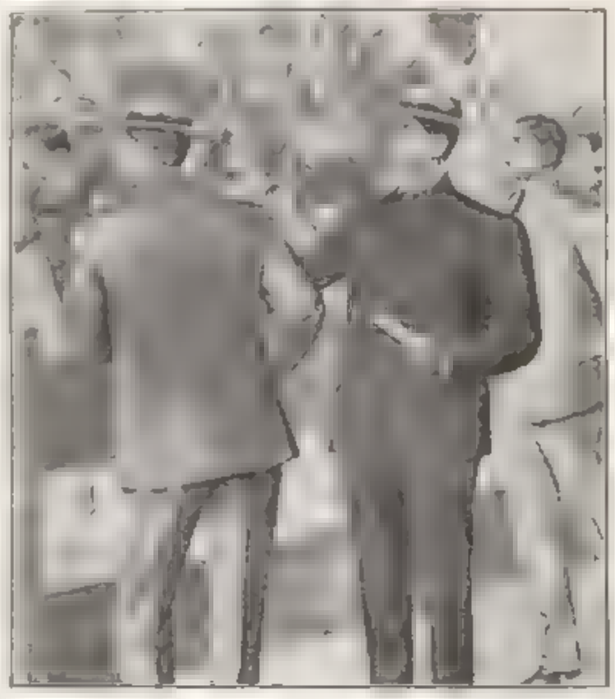

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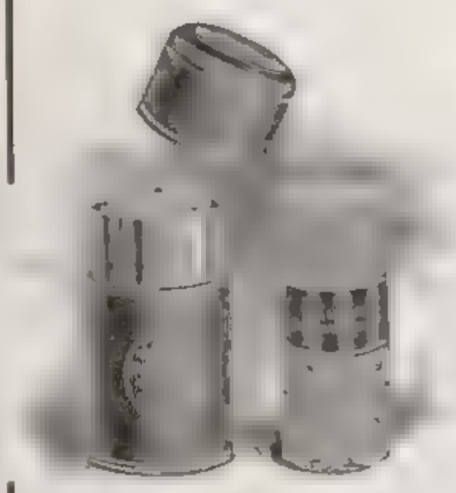

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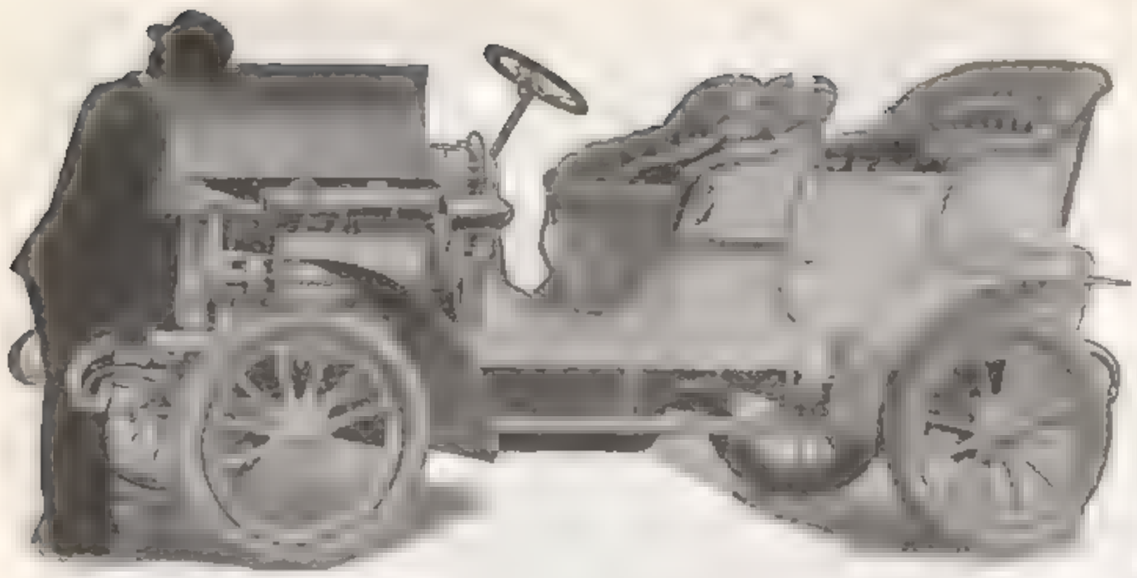
WILLIAM READ & SONS, 107 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Established 1690.



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The Accessible **WINTON** *of* 1905

SEE the new Vertical, Four-Cylinder Motor,—with its hat off.

Every [illegible] except the Transmission Gear.

[illegible] just beneath the foot board, forward of front seat.

You raise that board, turn a handle, and lift off the [illegible]

Then you have [illegible] under your eye, in five seconds.

Now,—you may take out this whole Transmission Gear of the 1905 Winton *from above*, without removing the seat, or getting under the car.

Convenient, isn't it?

Note the new Twin-Springs. These adjust instantly to light, or heavy, loads.

They make easy riding, [illegible] They take the hard work off the tires. [illegible] the Motor from [illegible], and aids in [illegible] Car Track [illegible] Down-Grades.

Then, there's the Winton absolute Speed Control. It works by Air pressure, from the Motor.

Your foot on the pedal, releases the air pressure gradually. That pedal alone thus gives you speed of from 4 miles an hour up to 40 miles an hour, just according to how much you press it.

The [illegible] Steering Gear on the 1905 Winton [illegible] wear in any *one* place more than in another.

[illegible] Vertical [illegible] Motor are fed [illegible] by one single Magneto.

No Multiple Vibrator,—no Dry Battery, and no Storage Battery (Accumulator) needed.

No Springs, Valves or Air pressure [illegible] feed [illegible] Gear direct, and cannot siphon, nor flood the Motor.

The New Model "1905 Winton" Car is graceful as a Greyhound, but as strong as steel can make it.

Model C, shown above, has as much power as the $2500 Winton of last year, but has 800 lbs. less weight to carry.

Get the new Winton book on *"How to Choose an Automobile."*

Address The Winton Motor Carriage Co., Dept. M, Cleveland, Ohio.

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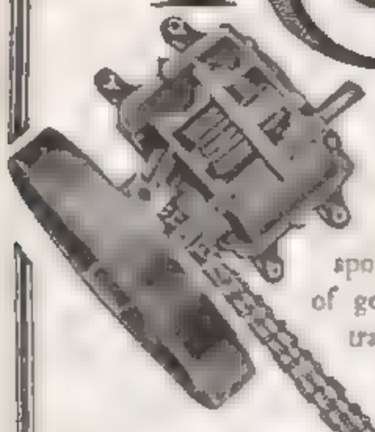
DETROIT



Right from the Shoulder!

Every ounce of ***Reliance*** energy goes straight to the spot it's aimed at—the rear axle. That intelligent assembly of gears in the upper corner is the ***Reliance*** sliding-gear transmission, the $3,500 to $10,000 kind, which you get in the ***Reliance*** at $1,250. ***Reliance*** double-cylinder power plant generates 16 to 20 h. p., and that admirable transmission puts all of it direct into rear wheels—via the little "receiver general" known as the differential which you notice in the lower right-hand corner. No complications, no adjustments, no friction or heating; everything oil-tight, dust-tight. Direct drive on high speed—all gears idle; both hands free on all speeds—positive pedal control. Every ounce of ***Reliance*** mechanism, workmanship and finish is just like that.

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"The car too good for the price"

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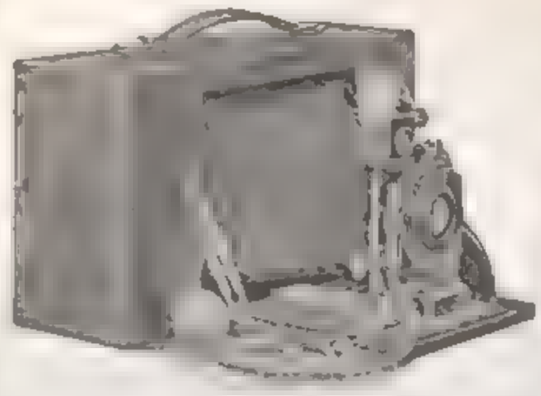

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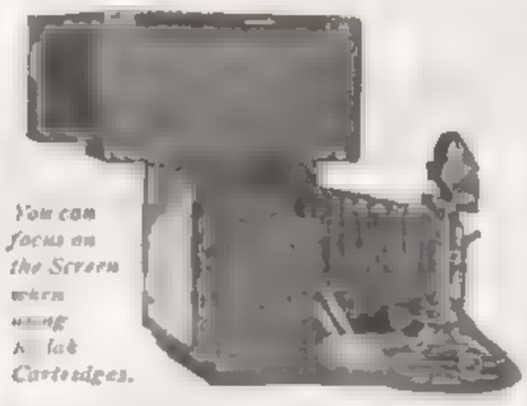

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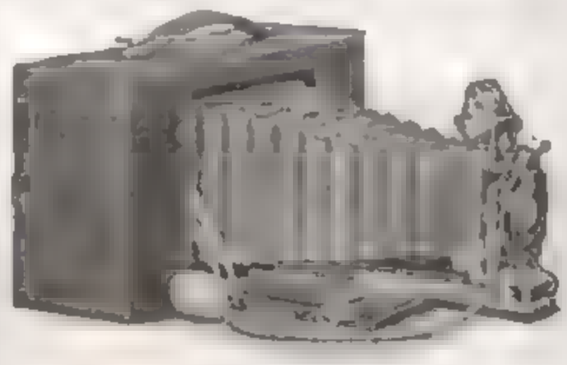

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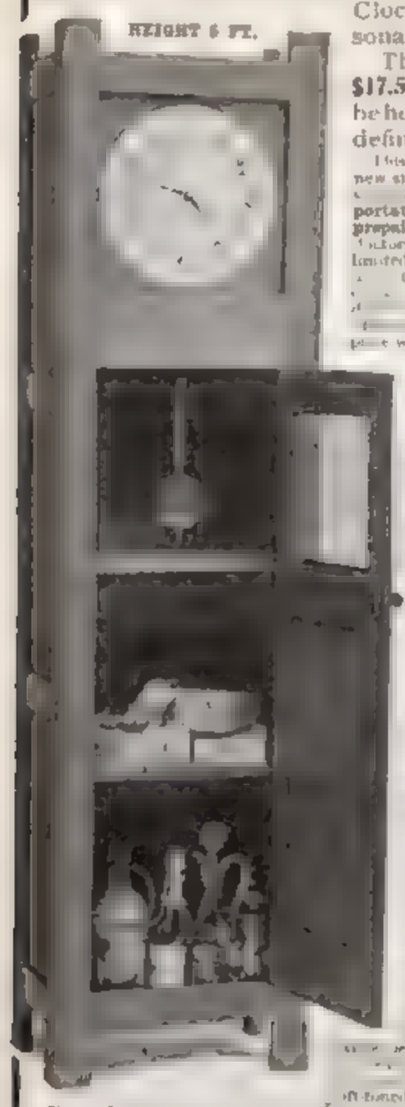

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"Just Finding Money"

How Some Men Have Recently Made Fortunes Out of Little Things

By Charles Moreau Harger

DO YOU know what is meant by "creeping rails"?

Probably not — neither did the traveling auditor of a Wisconsin railroad when, four years ago, a section foreman bashfully took him aside and began talking about them.

The foreman explained: On double-track railways, where the traffic on the right-hand track is always in one direction and that on the left-hand track always in the other direction, the rails, no matter how tightly they may be spiked, "creep" forward in the direction the trains travel. Especially is this true on the grades, the track steadily moving downhill and twisting at the bottom of the grade, making it necessary to watch it carefully and make frequent repairs. Even on the single-track roads this creeping goes on where grades are steep and long, and, of course, the movement is most pronounced on the mountain systems. The problem becomes a serious one on the long, steep grades of the Rockies. Railroad men estimate that if a double track road in constant use extended from New York to the Pacific it would be necessary to relay one mile of the track each year because of the forward movement of the rails.

"I have invented something to stop it," went on the foreman, taking from his pocket an odd piece of iron.

It was merely a clamp to fasten to the underside of a rail; from it extended downward a flange two and a half inches long that would press against the tie. As the rail crept forward the flange would prevent further progress unless the tie and the earth beyond it also moved. He wanted some one to handle it for him. The auditor had seen enthusiastic inventors before and did not care to invest in the property itself; but he would — and did — take the management of the business, and organized a foundry company to manufacture the device.

That was less than four years ago; last year the old section foreman was paid $23,000 as his profits. Only half a dozen roads have the anti-creepers in use, but so many orders are in from additional lines that the fortune will heap higher each year for a long time to come.

There is plenty of money loose if you know where to search for it.

A Blacksmith's Lucky Strike

You have seen the big water-tanks alongside the railroad tracks, placed there to hold water supplies for the locomotives? And the big wooden tanks on stock farms; the vats for liquids in manufactories? Did you notice how the hoops around them are fastened? The straplike iron hoop is welded into a bolt with screw-threads on its other end. A little iron frame extends from one hoop-end to the other, and the threaded ends of the bolts extend into it. Burrs are placed on the bolts and tightened until the staves of the tanks or vats are drawn taut. As the wood shrinks the burrs are tightened with a wrench, and the service is perpetual.

A Western blacksmith invented that little iron frame and the idea of thus tightening the hoops. He hired men, and in a little side room of a foundry made various-sized models. The foundry now makes for him 600,000 pounds of the tank-hoop fasteners annually, and his profits are $30,000 a year. A carload of the devices is shipped each month to the vineyard district of California, where they are used on the wine casks.

"It is curious," remarked a manufacturer of ironwork, "how many inventions come to us from the farms. Scores of people call on us every year, bringing all sorts of arrangements for doing something, each fully convinced that he has a fortune in his grasp if he can only get the device on the market. Some of the ideas are good ones, but are never utilized, because of the cost of introduction. Strangely enough, the greater part of the inventions relate to harness fastenings and wagons. Patent buckles, rein-holders, articles to facilitate the hitching up of horses — we have them presented almost daily.

"One Missouri farmer brought to us a model for a hame fastener, a substitute for

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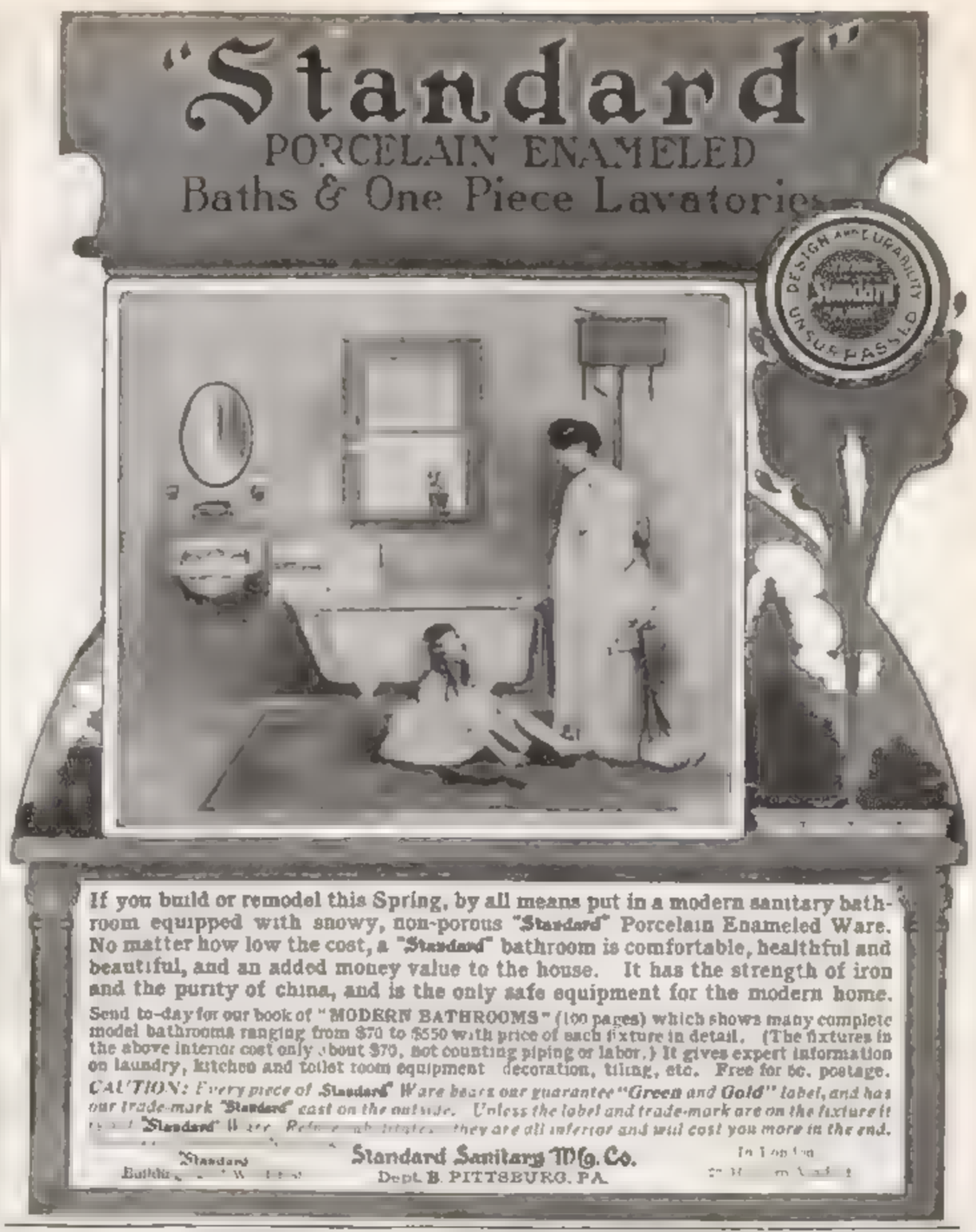

If you build or remodel this Spring, by all means put in a modern sanitary bathroom equipped with snowy, non-porous "Standard" Porcelain Enameled Ware. No matter how low the cost, a "Standard" bathroom is comfortable, healthful and beautiful, and an added money value to the house. It has the strength of iron and the purity of china, and is the only safe equipment for the modern home.

Send to-day for our book of "MODERN BATHROOMS" (100 pages) which shows many complete model bathrooms ranging from $70 to $550 with price of each fixture in detail. (The fixtures in the above interior cost only about $70, not counting piping or labor.) It gives expert information on laundry, kitchen and toilet room equipment decoration, tiling, etc. Free for 6c. postage.

CAUTION: Every piece of "Standard" Ware bears our guarantee "Green and Gold" label, and has our trade-mark "Standard" cast on the outside. Unless the label and trade-mark are on the fixture it is not "Standard" Ware. Refuse substitutes — they are all inferior and will cost you more in the end.

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In London [illegible]

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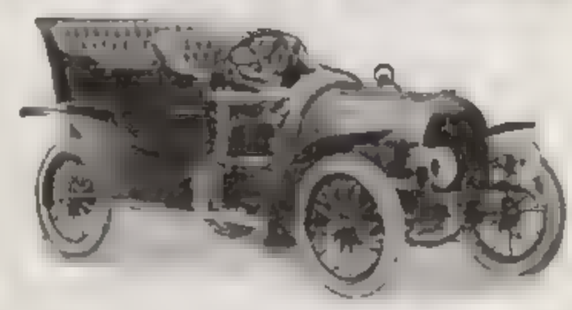

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When you wish to add additional book cases next year, or in ten or twenty years from now, the Globe-Wernicke product will be ready for you.

As to price, we fix that. No goods of quality can be sold at lower prices than we make, and no manufacturer trifles with the prices we have set. Thus we protect you as to quality, as to assurances of the future and as to price.

You do not have to pay the freight, and if one of our agents is near you, the book case will be delivered and set up free of charge.

Write for our catalog D-104 and list of a thousand agents.

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A Word to Shoe Buyers

To protect the shoe-buying public from deception and to afford an easy, yet inconspicuous, means of identification, all Diamond Fast Color Eyelets have been marked with a small diamond ◆ slightly raised on the face of each eyelet.

When buying shoes, if you wish to feel assured that the eyelets will always look new, never change color, and will never *turn brassy* no matter how long or under what conditions the shoes be worn, or what price you paid for them, find the diamond ◆ on the eyelet.

This is a small item, but an important one, particularly as the retail shoe price is not changed by it. You can afford the best when it costs you nothing extra.

Samples that will show you the Diamond, and a booklet telling how they are made, mailed free.

United Fast Color Eyelet Company, Boston, Mass.

the usual leathern strap. He wanted prices on hundred thousand lots and was pleased with the quotation. He went home, mortgaged his farm, wrote some letters and returned, ordering 400,000 hame-fasteners. We were afraid he did not have a market for them, and asked if he was sure he could sell so many.

"'Of course I can,' was the response; 'I can sell a million.'

"His plan was to have the hame-fasteners given by the agricultural papers of the Middle West and by the weekly editions of the Chicago, Kansas City and Omaha dailies as premiums. They were to be sold to the papers at cost, and the benefit was to come through the demand brought about by the advertising. We made the castings, and they cost him nearly $2000. We found that he did not have contracts with the papers, but had simply written to them about it. Four months afterward he came back and sold the whole output to us for scrap-iron. He is now on his Missouri farm trying to pay off the mortgage."

Probably the most fertile field for the inventor in the West has been in concocting machines for fence-building. Lumber is scarce, wire is high, rails are not to be had. Various schemes have been devised for twisting strands of wire and inclosing pieces of boards or small branches off hedges or trees, making a stock-proof inclosure. They are simple and attractive to the farmer—and some of them are practical. One day a young man living on a rented Kansas farm was approached by the agent for such a device. After some argument he mortgaged his team and growing crops for the right to sell the fence-machine in two townships, believing he had a handsome fortune in prospect. He went out a week later to sell the machines at twelve dollars and a half each. Day after day he traveled, and at the end of the five days' experience had sold just one. Discouraged? Slightly. He was also angry, for everything he had was invested in that patent right.

From Salesman to Owner

The next week he went into the other township, where he was not so well known, and offered not the machine but the township right, showing what enormous profits could be made from the sale of the machines. In one day he sold the township for more than he had paid for the two. He bought more townships, also some good clothes and a good team.

He devoted his talents to the business. Three years later he bought and stocked a 480-acre farm, worth fifty dollars an acre, owned several houses and lots in town, and was dealing in State rights for the machine, of which he had become sole owner. He thinks it a dull month when he cannot go into a prosperous Western county and sell $1000 worth of machines and rights, coming home with currency and bank drafts in his pocket. He found his field when he went into the other township

Fate works in a mysterious way with inventors. One day there came into the office of a Wisconsin iron manufacturer a man from the State of Washington. He lived on a farm and had invented a device for stretching wires in making wire fences. He wanted some one to finance and push the article for him. The manufacturer did not encourage him—too much to do; too many such inventions; too doubtful a proposition. However, he would consider it—come back in the afternoon

Sitting in the office was a visitor from Minnesota, a man engaged in the wholesale hardware trade. When the inventor had gone, he remarked: "If you don't want to handle his stuff turn him over to me."

When the stranger came back in the afternoon he was introduced to the Minnesota merchant, who had a long talk with him, the result being that a contract for manufacture and sale of the machines was drawn up. That was five years ago. Last year the Washington farmer drew $1200 a month from the sales, clear profit after the manufacturer and salesman had paid all the expenses.

The meritorious invention is not always a money-maker. It is probable that hundreds of inventions for car-couplings have been designed that would do better work than those in use before the automatic coupling now generally placed on freight cars was perfected, yet few received a trial or made money for the inventors. "The trouble is," said an experienced railroad man, "that the cost of installing anything of such general use makes railroad managers, as a rule, unwilling to adopt it."

"Doing California"

¶ Mark Twain says: "Three months of camp life on Lake Tahoe would restore an Egyptian mummy and give him an appetite like an alligator."

¶ The majority of California travelers pass within a few miles of Lake Tahoe—that wonderful mountain lake, a mile high and a half a mile deep, rimmed in with forests and snow capped peaks.

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¶ It suggests the season of the year when each place is at its best; economizes your time by preparing schedules for these journeys; tells you what each will cost and with pictures and words gives a glimpse of each to help you to determine the places you wish to go.

¶ There is a little of romance and a little of nature in **"Doing California."** It tells you of the great Franciscan Missions, a century old, and how to see them. Names the game birds, of land and water, and when they are in season. Describes the Big Tree Forests, resorts of the high mountains, the broad beaches and the beautiful cities.

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San Diego is destined to become the most important port on the Pacific Coast because it is the nearest Port of Call for all steamers from the South Pacific Islands, South America, Europe and the Atlantic Coast by way of the Panama Canal.

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Good harbors on the Pacific Coast are few and the nearest is San Francisco, over 400 miles north.

San Diego has the finest and most even climate in the world, and is a great winter resort for eastern people, a popular summer resort for southwesterners and a delightful all the year residence city for those who seek genial climate. Eastern capital has been pouring into San Diego for some time. The city has 25,000 inhabitants, building permits were $1,814,907 last year [illegible] and several business blocks were in it.

The residence portion of the city can grow in only one direction because of the peculiar lay of the land. 300 homes cluster around a $150,000 Normal School building, and adjoining this beautiful residence district we offer lots in the

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From this tract there is a magnificent view of Coronado, the Harbor and Bay, mountains and valleys. It is the cream of the cream. Level, rich soil, and within easy access of the business center. The lots are 25x140 feet to a 20-foot alley, and are usually sold in pairs, triplets, or blocks of four. While street improvements are being put in we are selling the lots at $50 each—$5 down and $5 a month, no interest, title guaranteed, and taxes until 1909 fully paid. They are worth more right now and as soon as work is completed they will advance. Lots in the adjoining University district are now selling as high as $1000. The City Heights lots will some day be worth more than $1000 each. It will pay you to buy them to hold. There is no other opportunity like this in the United States to-day. We will guarantee satisfaction.

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Write us how many lots you think of buying and send $5.00 deposit on each to secure them. We will pick out the best unsold [illegible] We are the largest dealers in city property and ranch lands in San Diego and know every foot of property here as well as you know your own door yard. You cannot make a mistake in buying City Heights lots at $50 [illegible]

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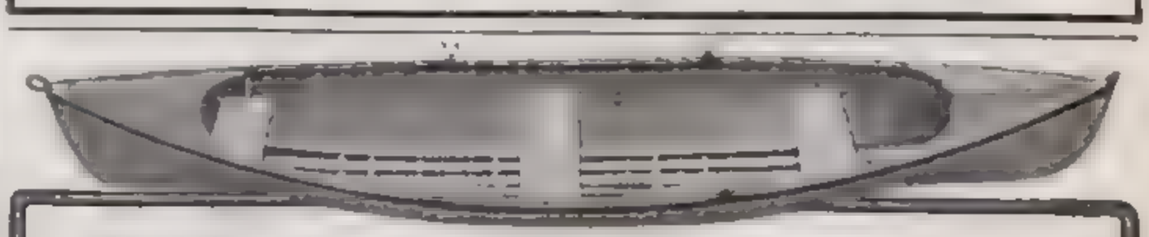

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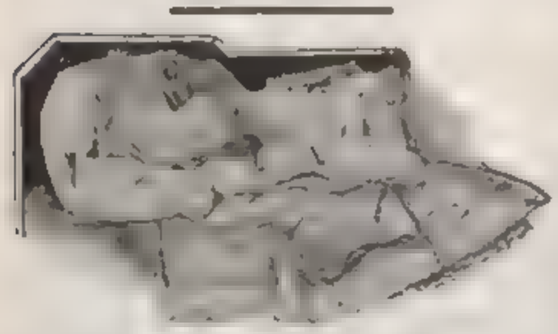

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It is so with many little improvements on farm machinery. They would enhance the comfort of the farmer, perhaps, but the manufacturers would get no more for the implement, and the old form remains. Men travel through the country districts, standing on the street corners of the country towns on busy Saturday afternoons, showing inventions for fastening harness to buggies, for holding up the tongue of a wagon while the horses are being hitched, for greasing the wheels without soiling the hands, for protecting the driver from wind and rain, and for a score of other things that would make the farmer's life easier. Some of the devices are practical and come into general use; others are only theoretical and survive for but a brief period.

A brakeman on a Western railroad was annoyed by the trouble of fastening freight car doors properly, and invented a simple lock which required no key. A tongue or bolt was dropped into a slot and at the bottom was sealed with a bit of lead which bore the mark or number of the station at which the door was closed. The lock could not be opened without breaking the seal. When off the road on other lines there was no temptation to break the lock, because it could be opened easily when unsealed. Railroad men liked it. The inventor gives the lock to the roads and they buy seals of him. One factory is kept busy making seals. The former brakeman sold forty-nine shares out of one hundred for $10,000 the other day, and receives dividends enough to make him one of the envied individuals of Kansas City, where he is spending his life happily in secured prosperity.

It is curious, yet logical, that the inventors of devices for improving railways and similar things should be the workmen on the lines. They are the ones who realize most strongly the demands of the situation. It was a workman on a street railway who grew weary of the constant struggle to keep the ends of rails in touch with each other that there might be no break in the electric current. He devised a box into which projected the ends of two united rails, then around them and filling the box was poured molten iron until the whole was bound into one solid mass, making the rail continuous, with neither jolt of car nor loss of power. It is said that he has received $300,000 in the past three years for his royalties, and, with the rapid extension of the electric lines in every part of the country, he will soon be a millionaire.

The Patent-Medicine Crœsus

The stories of remarkable profits from the sale of patent medicines are familiar to newspaper readers. It is a common expression that though fortunes could once have been made in that manner the repetition of the experience is not possible. Do not believe it.

Less than a dozen years ago a barber came to a little city in a Northern State. By virtue of the old custom he was called "Doctor," and when he compounded an alleged cure for asthma he used the title regularly. In order to sell his medicine, he formed a stock company with ten shares; he held eight; a local real-estate dealer took one, and a manufacturer of the place the other. The manufacturer died a few months ago, and his widow, finding the stock among the papers belonging to the estate, went to the medicine company's pretentious office, and asked if there was anything due her as a dividend. A clerk went into the inner office and returned with a check. "This is the earnings of your stock for the past month, madam," he remarked.

She looked at the figures. It was for $1000! Since then she has drawn a like sum on the tenth of every month, as no doubt did her husband before.

Another instance: A decade ago a young Westerner, being out of work, filled a little satchel with bottles of liniment made by his father according to an old recipe learned back in Pennsylvania. The bottles had been prepared by the kitchen stove, and the labels were written out with great care on pieces of ordinary writing paper. The youth could not afford a team, so he walked through the country, from town to town, selling his medicine. Finally he secured a wagon, then another, and put salesmen on the road, giving them half the profits made by each. When business was dull he and his salesmen left bottles of the liniment at the farmhouses, marking each bottle one-fourth of the distance down from the cork.

"I will be back in a month. You may use down to that mark free, and if no more is used, and you have received no benefit, I will

A Nutritious Food-Drink for all Ages

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

A compact, delicious lunch for the traveler o'er land or sea — highly nutritious and digestible — ready any moment. A healthful and invigorating food-drink, invaluable in car or sea sickness. More wholesome and recuperative than tea, coffee, or cocoa. It is pure, rich milk from our sanitary dairies, with the extract of selected malted cereals.

In powder form, it is instantly prepared with either hot or cold water. In Lunch Tablet form it is always ready for solution in the mouth. A delightful, nutritious confection — a quick lunch for every member of the family.

Purity, excellence and uniformity are insured by costly apparatus and elaborate precautions.

At all druggists

Sample mailed free, post paid. Our Booklet gives many valuable recipes, and is also sent free if mentioned.

Ask for HORLICK'S; others are imitations.

Horlick's Food Company, Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

Montreal, Canada. *London, England*

Shakespeare's Seven Ages
6th: "With spectacles on nose"

4%

Banking By Mail

The Peoples Savings Bank, desiring to extend its facilities and helpfulness to a greater number of people, and to enlarge its field of usefulness, originated and developed the Banking by Mail system. The wisdom of this course is apparent from the beginning. Men and women in less favored sections of the country, where the banks are not able to pay a high rate of interest, were glad to be able to avail themselves of the benefits of the institution, and as the mails brought the Bank within easy reach of the entire world, it was soon necessary to open a Department for the exclusive care of mail accounts.

To-day the Bank has depositors in all parts of the world, whose accounts range from $1 up to many thousands, and men and women in all walks of life speak of the institution as "my bank."

Accounts may be started with any amount from $1 up and interest is paid at the rate of 4% compounded twice a year.

Handsomely illustrated booklet together with the "Story of the Origin of Banking by Mail" will be sent free to readers of this magazine.

Capital $1,000,000 Surplus $1,000,000

Peoples Savings Bank
Pittsburgh, Pa.
THE BANK THAT PAYS 4%

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS

More than 30,000 appointments made last year. Chances better than ever. Thousands we prepared have been appointed. Established 1891.

Full particulars free. Examinations held soon in every State. Sample questions, etc.

National Correspondence Institute
17-42 Second National Bank Building
Washington, D. C.

SUMMER CRUISES

During June, July and August

To NORWAY
To the NORTH CAPE
and SPITZBERGEN

To SCOTLAND, the ORKNEY and SHETLAND ISLES, NORWAY, and ICELAND

Around the British Isles

To the Principal Seaside Resorts of ENGLAND, BELGIUM and HOLLAND, by the [illegible]

For itineraries, rates, etc., apply

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE
35-37 BROADWAY, N. Y.
or any local agent

BEST LIGHT

Brighter than electricity or acetylene — cheaper than kerosene — makes and burns its own gas

NO GREASE, DIRT, SMOKE or ODOR

A safe, powerful, white, steady light — durable and handsome. Over 100 styles — every lamp warranted. Agents Wanted Everywhere.

THE BEST LIGHT CO., 8-38 E. 5th St. Canton, O.
Owners of Original Patents

Made of Clear Argentine Nutria.

Hats for Men

THE C. & K. STYLE

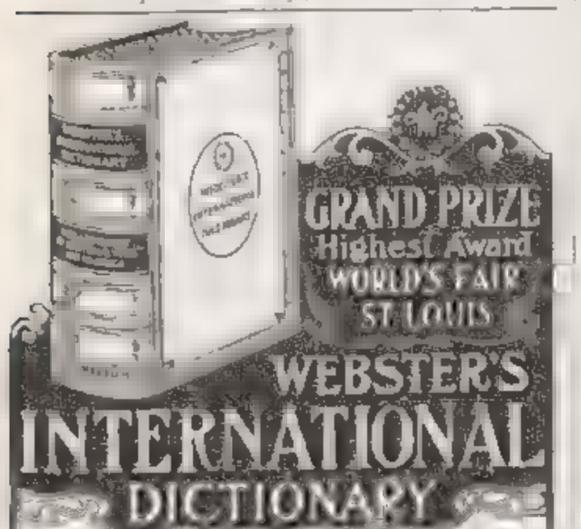
The first consideration should be, is it becoming? A properly-selected, well-fitted Knapp-Felt hat will afford perfect satisfaction.

Knapp-Felt hats are Noticeably Elegant in Style and Superb in Quality—They are made in different shapes to harmonize with different faces and this trade-mark assures proper style and best material and workmanship.

The best hatters sell Knapp-Felt $4 hats and Knapp-Felt De-Luxe $6 hats (with the exquisite Vellum Finish).

Write for The Hatman.

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
840 Broadway, New York



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Edited by W. T. Harris, Ph.D., LL.D.,
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2380 Quarto Pages 6000 Illustrations

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FREE, "Dictionary Wrinkles." Illustrated pamphlets

G. & C. MERRIAM CO.
Publishers, Springfield, Mass.
GET THE BEST

KEITH'S MAGAZINE 64 Pages Monthly

On Home Building, Decoration and Furnishing

Modern Homes, Interiors, and *floor plans* with *full descriptions*. Tells how to decorate [illegible] and what to [illegible] latest styles. [illegible] decorate an entire house given each month. Decorative ideas offered and questions answered free to subscribers.

65 MODEL HOUSE PLANS

given in my *Special 50c Offer*, of a 6 months subscription to Keith's including [illegible] in all for 50c silver, money order or check. Regular subscription $1 50, entitles you to 4 issues of 1904, 6 numbers in all. Single copies at News-stands, 15c. You will want Keith's while planning and after your home is built

M. L. KEITH, Publisher, 754 Lumber Ex., Minneapolis, Minn.

Be Sure of Your Bank

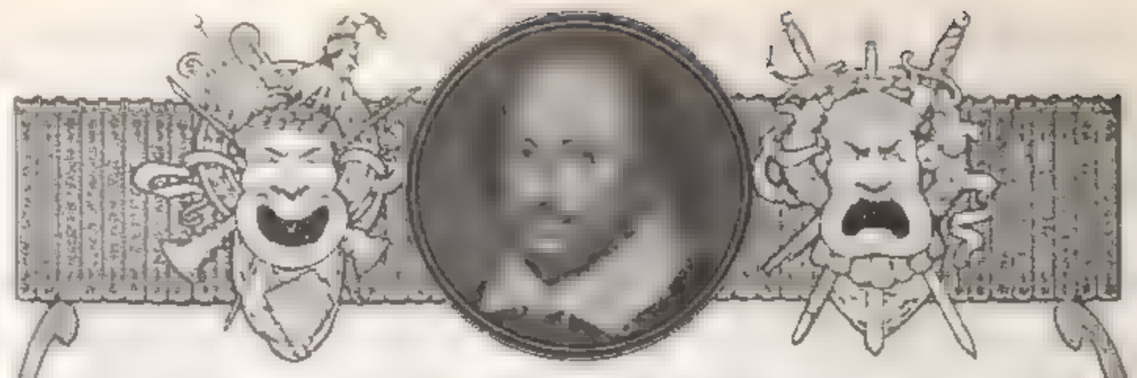
The character and business standing of the men who manage THE CLEVELAND TRUST COMPANY are perfect guarantee that your money is safe.

If they couldn't pay 4 per cent and be as safe as any bank that pays only 3, they'd pay only 3. Send for booklet A.

48,000 depositors
$25,000,000 assets
Dollar deposits welcome

The Cleveland Trust Company

CLEVELAND OHIO



BOUND BOOKS AT SHEET PRICES

The Booklovers' Shakespeare

CLOSING OUT SALE

AT THE close of a two years' strenuous campaign—during which we have sold two large and entire editions of the BOOKLOVERS' SHAKESPEARE—we find that a few sets (112) have accumulated in a slightly damaged condition. Some of the sets are a little discolored from being shown in the store; others are slightly marked from being handled in the stock room.

In every case, only one or two of the forty volumes show any deterioration, and it would take an expert to detect the imperfections. In fact a few of the sets have never been removed from the boxes. They cannot be considered as perfect sets, however, and rather than rebind them we offer them at what they would be worth to us with the covers torn off.

We have sold a good many thousand sets of the Booklovers' [illegible]—they have been distributed in every State of the Union and even far away Australia and India have contributed their share of orders. Had we been able to obtain another edition of the work at previous figures—the past success and uninterrupted popularity of the Booklovers' would have caused us to take it without hesitation.

FORTY VOLUME EDITION

In accuracy, cleatness, convenience of arrangement, and in all that goes to constitute an ideal Shakespeare, the Booklovers' Edition holds first place. It reproduces the Cambridge text which has been for forty years the standard text of Shakespeare. To this text have been added PREFACES giving the history of each play, CRITICAL COMMENTS on the plays and the characters, taken from the works of great Shakespearean scholars, GLOSSARIES following each play [illegible] every difficult word, EXPLANATORY AND CRITICAL NOTES, which make clear [illegible] passage. There are 200 ILLUSTRATIONS, many of them being rare woodcuts of [illegible] Shakespeare's time. There are also numerous full-page CHROMATIC PLATES in colors and [illegible] RAVURES on Japan vellum. Included with the set is A COMPLETE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE [illegible] he is actually known about him, by Israel Gollancz, with critical estimates of [illegible] Shakespeare's genius by Walter Bagehot, Leslie Stephen, and Thomas Spencer Baynes. Shakespeare's works—everything he wrote—are given complete, including the SONNETS [illegible]

[illegible] Shakespeare [illegible] and Notes among them being Furness, Lamb, Coleridge, Goethe, Tennyson, Dowden, White, [illegible] Hugo, Johnson, and many others. A SET OF THIS EDITION IS A COMPLETE SHAKESPEAREAN [illegible]

The set [illegible]es in 40 volumes—a library in itself—7,000 pages beautifully [illegible] bound in English art cloth—just the thing for the library. Each volume 7x[illegible] [illegible]gether with all the notes, etc., pertaining to that play—[illegible] [illegible]ending. Printed from new plates on a superior grade of white paper. Type large and clear. The regular price of the BOOKLOVERS' is $10 00.

We offer these 112 sets at $10 50. When they are gone—you will have to pay the full price.

ENTIRE SET SENT FREE

[illegible] We don't expect you to take our word for the excellence of these [illegible]. We want YOU to see them—have a good, long look at them—[illegible] No deposit required. Simply [illegible] Keep them for five days—[illegible] the value of the books, their intrinsic [illegible] be the [illegible] bet to make the first remittance as proof [illegible] the coupon [illegible] and mention at once Expiration.

SIEGEL COOPER CO.
SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Our 1905 Catalogue will be sent FREE on application.

SIEGEL COOPER CO.

[illegible] my [illegible] to notify you [illegible] delay and hold the set subject to your order. Title to the [illegible] Siegel Cooper Co. until fully [illegible]

NAME [illegible]

ADDRESS [illegible]

$25.00 Per Week

Does it pay to become a crack ad writer?
Is the field expanding or contracting?
Has the Powell System of Correspondence Instruction any worthy rival?
Powell graduates will answer the first two questions—and they are everywhere, almost.

Note what Mr. T. F. Pevear, 98 Westminster St., Providence, R. I., says:

"I wish to add my word of praise to the many which you are continually receiving from those who have taken advantage of the Powell System of Advertising Instruction.

"It is thoroughly practical from start to finish, and the personal features of criticism and constant encouragement are of great value.

"Now I am doing the work of five large concerns here in Providence, and in another month I expect to double that number. There is an excellent field here and considerable work waiting for a good man."

Now for the third question: I will answer in the Yankee way, by asking another: Why do 95% of the advertising authorities of America when called upon, say "Powell has no competitor?"

Look over my signed ads and advertising methods of the past three or four years and compare with the frantic attempts of the last remaining imitators to copy my style, expressions and arrangement.

The Powell System has driven about the last unworthy course to the wall.

I mail free my Prospectus and "Net Results" on request—very instructive, and of value, also, to business men.

Just address me, GEORGE H. POWELL, 1495 Temple Court, New York.

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN AGENTS wanted all over the United States to sell THE EXCELLENT PRINTING. For particulars send 2c stamp to Massachusetts Publishing Company, Dept. A, Lowell, Mass.

Ott Music—Oratory Dramatic Art
SUMMER TERM JUNE 26 TO AUGUST 6
SCHOOLS OF EXPRESSION
Dept. C, Monroe & Fracisco Ave., Chicago

take back the bottle," was the message left behind. In nearly every case the bottle was paid for on the return trip, and the business grew. The young man—for he is yet young—has eighty wagons on the road; he owns an opera house, a business block, a handsome home, part of a gold mine, and has investments in all sorts of things. His income is not less than $1000 a month.

Nine years ago the janitor of the courthouse in a little Western town started to the store on Saturday night to buy groceries for the morrow. With him was his little daughter and he had only one dollar for the purchases. They came to a merry-go-round set up on the main street and stopped to watch the whirling hobby-horses and the swinging seats.

"Come on, give the little girl a ride," called the man in charge, and the janitor took the advice. Before he left the spot with its then novel amusement he had spent eighty-five cents out of the dollar with which he started. His wages were only thirty-five dollars a month, and his credit at the stores was, in consequence, moderate.

Going home with fifteen cents' worth of food, he thought about the evening's experience. His meditations did not run to recrimination for his extravagance, but were something like this: "If that whirling-horse machine could get eighty five cents out of my only dollar, badly as I need money, it must be able to get money from almost anybody. I believe I can make more running one of them than I [illegible] by the month."

He talked it over with his wife, and early in the spring mortgaged his household goods to make a payment on a merry-go-round, which he took to a neighboring village. It met his expectations. Soon he sold it at an advance and bought a better one. Then he bought another and another. One day, at a county fair, he took in $500; one circus-day his receipts were $450.

The idea of catering to the amusement loving public took hold of him. Merry-go-rounds were for children and young people; they could not be run in winter. He worked out a plan for a shooting-gallery in which the marks were moving figures—birds, wolves, rabbits, foxes—all kept swiftly moving by a small gasoline engine. He set up a little shop and began their manufacture. They were crude affairs, but the Western men liked them and he could not keep pace with the orders. Then he manufactured merry-go-rounds, and finally, as the street-fair craze came on, added other attractions until he was able to put a dozen amusement concerns together on a train of flat cars and start a carnival company, which could stay a week in each town and get a bonus from the citizens for coming. He employs a hundred men, has four carnival companies on the road, makes his own railway cars, travels in a private car, and is worth something like $100,000. Not so bad for nine years of effort.

The next decade will show as large a crop as the past one of extraordinarily profitable ideas worked out into practical articles for the use or amusement of mankind.

Made-to-Order Ladies' Suits

Skirts, Shirtwaist Suits and Raincoats

$100 00 FORFEIT [illegible] to any person who can [illegible]

FREE—The handsomest [illegible]

You cannot afford [illegible]

We take all the risk. [illegible] fitting garments and absolute sat[illegible]

FREE [illegible]

Suits	$8.50 to	$35.00
Shirt-Waist Suits	7.50 "	20.00
Skirts	4.50 "	12.00
Raincoats	9.00 "	18.00

FREE—The service of our expert lady designer [illegible] styles and materials that will be the most [illegible]

Fill out the attached coupon and mail today. You will be more than pleased with what you will receive absolutely free

Owen T. Moses & Co., Ladies' Tailors
266 Moses Bldg., Chicago

References: Our 900,000 satisfied customers or the Milwaukee Avenue State Bank, Chicago. Capital Stock $[illegible]

Fill out, and mail this coupon today

Owen T. Moses & Co., 266 Moses Bldg. Chicago

Gentlemen: I will be glad to receive your style book [illegible] free waist samples and suggestions from your lady designer as to style of garment, materials, etc., suitable for [illegible] costing about $ ..... My complexion is [illegible] my eyes are [illegible] my height is [illegible]

I prefer..... color of [illegible] kind of goods

Name [illegible]

Address [illegible]

[illegible] Did you ever see Chil[illegible]

As a Trial Offer we will for 10 cents mail 5 [illegible] Pansy, Snow White and Coal Black Cardinal Red, Pure Yellow, Azure Blue, [illegible] New Giant Sweet Peas for 10 cents, [illegible]

Fine Pinks, new early flowering Carnation Pinks for 10 cents, Scarlet, White, Pink, Red and Striped—

OR ALL 15 PKTS. FOR 25 CENTS

Our Catalogue for 1905 [illegible] bound [illegible] Flowers [illegible]

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, N. Y.

BASEBALL UNIFORMS
$6.00 Value for $4.00

For $4.00 we will send, express pre[illegible] [illegible] flags and pennants. Write us.

C. E. MILLER, 235 E. 3d St., Philadelphia

10c

OUR SPECIAL OFFER!!

A 12 in. Hemstitched Linen Centerpiece nicely stamped with a choice of six [illegible], Rose Design, Fern, Strawberries and [illegible] work the design with. All [illegible] cents, stamps or silver

A. S. LIVERMORE & CO.
121 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

The Reading Table

The Stork Express Company

The Stork Express Line is a trust
Whose methods I believe unjust

Competitors it puts to rout—
You use it or you go without.

It is the only line from There;
A huge monopoly unfair.

It seems secure in its position;
It flouts the Interstate Commission.

It gives rebates if it so chooses;
When told to show its books refuses.

Its shipments you cannot evade,
Nor are they ever once prepaid.

Experience has proved to me
They always reach us C. O. D.

However much it may assess,
You have to pay—there's no redress.

And worst of all, though fraudulent,
It's backed up by our President

Of other trusts he's very tart,
But this—he always takes its part!

He says, "Smash 'Standard,' 'Steel' and 'Beef!'"
From "Stork" he offers no relief.

Last year, when all the rest turned blue,
This one was safe from Cortelyou.

He even tries to drum up trade;
You'd think that he would be afraid!

Instead of giving it a cuff,
He says we don't use it enough.

His enemies, who love to mock,
Make free to charge that he owns stock

In this worst trust of all the crew,
But let us hope this is not true!

—*Hayden Carruth*

The Map-Makers

Had Cleopatra's perfect nose been but a trifle shorter,
Or just a little longer—say a half-inch or a quarter—
Enough to mar the beauty of her fascinating features,
Whose fatal grace made weak men act like very silly creatures;
Oh, then the maps of nations which these warriors left behind them
Might not have been in size or shape at all the way we find them!
It isn't Fate that settles things, as half the world supposes,
For there's so much determined by the length of women's noses.

Revised Edition

The rich have revised the commandment, and now,
In a manner peculiarly "foxy,"
Earn their bread by the sweat of a deputy's brow,
And six days they labor by proxy.

Canine Culture

A Boston spinster owns a dog,
One of those high-toned "towsers,"
That's so well-bred and nice, 'tis said,
He never pants—he trousers.

Words and Deeds

Extreme loquaciousness and fat
Prosperity are foes;
The more a man talks through his hat
The shabbier it grows.

—*Nixon Waterman*

An Actor's Popularity

THE popularity of John McCullough, the tragedian, on the Pacific Coast was unlimited, and, in fact, the entire West regarded him as its own particular actor. Once when he was playing a short engagement in a California town the manager of the theatre

Pantasote

LEATHER.

You Can't Tell the Difference

between *Pantasote Leather* and real leather *Pantasote Leather* can be used for every purpose for which real leather is adapted. *Pantasote* is durable, bright, odorless, easily cleaned, does not crack, is fireproof, waterproof, and wears and looks like leather in every respect.

PANTASOTE Costs One-Third as Much as Real Leather

The great demand for *Pantasote* has led to the substitution of many inferior imitations. To protect you against fraud accept no furniture as covered with *Pantasote* from your dealer or upholsterer unless it bears our trademark label as shown below. Do not accept his "Just as good" theory; insist upon *Pantasote*. On piece goods see that the word "*Pantasote*" is embossed on selvage edge. *Pantasote* was awarded the Grand Prize and two Gold Medals at St. Louis.

FOR TRIAL PURPOSES

[illegible] chair seats, which give you the [illegible]

Upon application will send our catalogue showing material in the different colors in which it is made.

THE PANTASOTE CO.
Dept. S 11 Broadway
NEW YORK

This Label on Genuine Pantasote Furniture

We Guarantee

that our "HOLEPROOF SOX" will need no darning if worn alternately for six months by the purchaser. If they should, we agree to replace them by new ones, upon surrender of the purchase ticket [illegible] to the wearer.

Holeproof Sox (TRADE MARK)

Made in Black, Tan (light and dark), Pearl, Navy Blue, Black legs with White feet. A [illegible] 12 [illegible] K charges prepaid. Only one size to a box; state size desired when ordering.

Elwin Duryea, Jr., Chief Engineer, BAY CITIES WATER COMPANY, San Francisco, writes:

[illegible] you herewith check for three sets for myself and some friends.

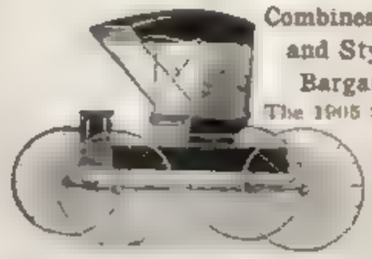
Very truly yours,
EDWIN DURYEA, Jr.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO.
Dept. C
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Interesting [illegible] Holeproof Sox sent free on request

A $50 BEAUTY

1905 Split Hickory Special Top Buggy in a Class by Itself



Combines Durability and Style with a Bargain Price.

The 1905 Split Hickory Special Top Buggy which [illegible] ably liberal plan, at such an astonishingly low price, is different and better than the [illegible] Split Hickory, split, not sawed, is used in its manufacture. Split Hickory buggies embody a great many exclusive features; screwed rim wheels, long distance dust proof axles, quick shifting shaft couplings, etc. We build each buggy to your special order. Sold Direct to the User on

30 Days' Free Use Plan

which enables you to look it over thoroughly and satisfy yourself that it is exactly as represented. [illegible] Buggies are guaranteed for two years. This is a [illegible] guarantee of a catalogue house, but the cash guarantee of the largest buggy factory in the country selling to the consumer direct.

NOW READY [illegible] Split Hickory [illegible] vehicles [illegible]

THE OHIO CARRIAGE MFG. CO. (H. C. Phelps, Pres.)
Station 103, Cincinnati, Ohio

Save by Mail

The Citizens Savings and Trust Co., of Cleveland, was established in [illegible] and is one of the largest and oldest savings banks in the country, with assets of over

Thirty-Seven Million Dollars.

Send for our free booklet "M," telling how you may send money for deposit safely and conveniently by mail and obtain

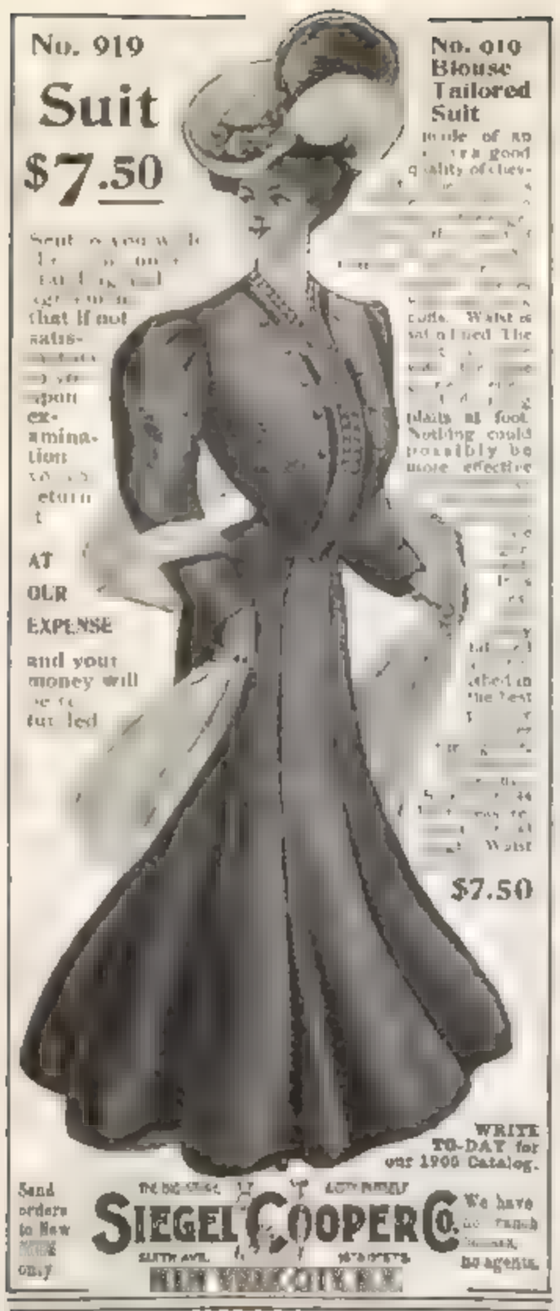
4% Interest

compounded semi-annually.

50c
will buy a genuine
TORREY STROP

[illegible]

J. R. TORREY & CO.,
P. O. Box 35
Worcester, Mass.



announced his benefit. The next morning, when the "Governor" took a stroll down through the main street, he found a large crowd of miners gathered about a barrel in front of the theatre. So intent were they on what they were doing that they paid no attention to him. Finally, not being able to satisfy his curiosity, he walked into the theatre.

"What is going on outside?" he asked the manager.

"Going on? Why, those fellows have been there all the morning shaking dice to see who will pay for twenty tickets to your benefit to-night.' And it seems to be part of the arrangement that the fellow who loses must not only pay, but destroy the tickets. If they don't stop soon the house will be sold out, but there won't be any tickets for people to come in on."

A Cordial Invitation

A PRIVATE car, shunted on a siding near the station, is always an object of interest to the townspeople, particularly if the occupant of the car is one whose name is printed in six-inch letters on the country's billboards. Madame Nordica, on one of her Western trips, was so annoyed by the cranks and the curious that she had to draw the curtains of her car and deny herself to all callers. It required the wit of some small boys to compel her to make an exception to this rule. Having failed in their various attempts to get a sight of the famous singer, they finally managed to get this note to her:

> We want to see you. You won't catch cold; it will do you good. Come out.
> THE KIDS

This was too much for Madame Nordica to resist. Out she came and bowed benignly. The boys lined up and gave her a cheer. Possibly some of them will relate the incident to their grandchildren.

Henry Irving's Humor

SIR HENRY IRVING occasionally permits himself a moment of sardonic humor. It was when he was speaking to an interviewer of the criticisms of Dante that he read a letter from an ambitious electrician who wanted to supervise and revise his lighting arrangements.

"My dear Sir Henry," wrote this person, "that scene in the infernal regions simply looked like h—l."

"What should it look like?" asked Sir Henry with a sly twinkle.

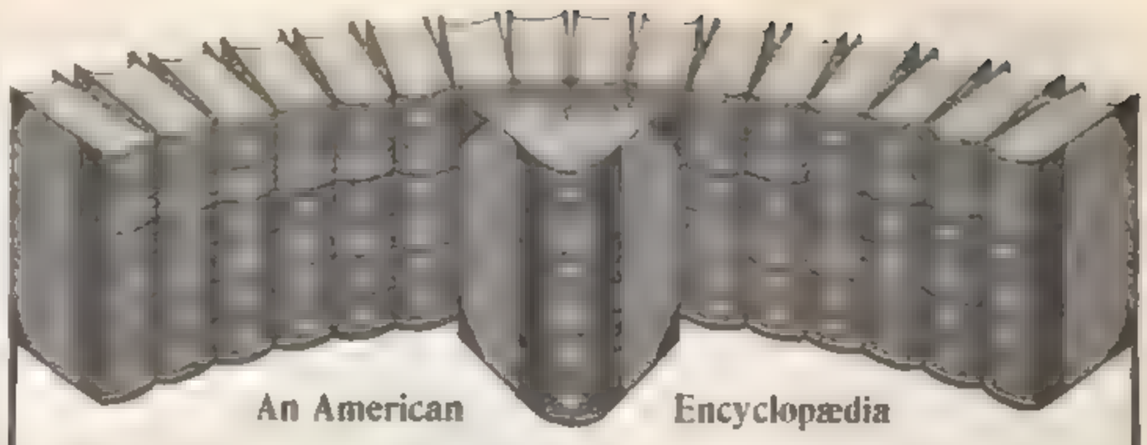
Science and the Chocolate Bean

SINCE the war with Spain we have become enormous producers of chocolate. The bean of Luzon is considered the finest in the world, fetching in the market to-day a higher price than any other, and it is thought that the culture of the plant in Porto Rico has a great future before it. If so, it is important to ascertain what varieties should be introduced on that island, and just what methods of culture ought to be employed.

You do not buy chocolate that is distinguished in the market as coming from a particular region, as is the case with coffee. All the chocolates you buy are mixtures, according to the fancy of the maker, containing so much Ceylon, so much Caracas, and so much Trinidad bean, perhaps. Thus, so far as the palate indicates, it is hard to tell what kind of bean is the best. The Government experimenters want to test the various crude—that is, unmixed—chocolates, and to decide among them. If one appears to be better than another they wish to be sure that the difference is due to variety and not to the method of preparation.

Manufacturers produce different mixtures for eating and drinking. For eating they employ a bitter chocolate, the bitterness being neutralized by the addition of sugar. But the recipes employed are determined by individual preference, and the botanists of the Department of Agriculture wish to use their own judgment. They therefore attack the problem in the most elementary way to begin with, by obtaining beans from every possible source, grinding them, testing the crude chocolate, and finally making their own mixtures.

One fact which they have already ascertained is that the color of manufactured chocolate is determined by the temperature at which it is moulded. That chocolate is valuable as a food has long been known, but it is satisfactory to be definitely informed that the beans contain fifty per cent. of fat and twenty-one per cent. of sugar and starch.



An American Encyclopædia

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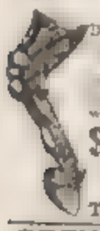

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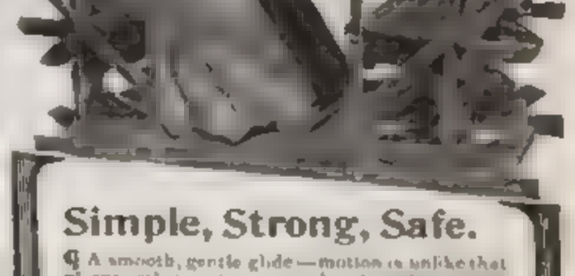

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The President on Divorce

(Continued from Page 2)

She so testified. But, six months after the wedding, the carpenter fell stricken with a mortal weariness of work. The complainant, after a time, began to remonstrate with him, gently at first, forcibly afterward, and urged upon him the unpleasant fact that funds were low and that food was scarce. In reply to these remonstrances, the husband pathetically implored to be let alone, and invariably ended his plea with the heart-broken inquiry, "Why can't we be happy?" Presently Mrs. Carpenter herself was obliged to seek employment to keep the house going, whereupon her husband found himself in a position to take on an inspiriting luxury in the way of excessive drink. He urged as a defense for indulging in this habit that he was driven to it by the annoyance of his domestic establishment; and, sad to relate, one evening two years after the marriage the wife came home from her work and found him intoxicated, whereupon she used physical violence toward him. The next morning he left the house, took up his abode elsewhere, and has never returned. There were no children.

The next instance—a common one, by the way—presented all the elements of tragedy. The complainant, a pretty, gentle-mannered young girl, went on a pleasure excursion across Lake Michigan with the defendant, who was at that time a medical student. During the day, without having had any previous arrangement concerning the matter, the two repaired to a clergyman and the marriage ceremony was performed. They lived together intermittently for a year and then separated. The alleged cause for divorce was desertion. There were no children. The husband was without income and is now an intern, working for his board and experience at one of the hospitals.

In the fourth suit it appeared that the parties were married in 1892, that they lived together until 1893. Meantime, a child was born. In 1893, the husband, a saloon-keeper, left for a three weeks' visit to New York, since which time he had not been even heard from. The complainant had spent eleven years inquiring for his whereabouts and now desired her freedom.

Then appeared at the bar of the court a young girl who, when seventeen years of age, eloped with a boy a year or two older. Eight months after that her father found her in a miserably furnished room, starving, deserted, and about to become a mother. The husband was a teamster.

A gray-haired woman followed who sought release from her husband upon Biblical grounds. She was a physician by occupation and so was her husband. They married late in life. The relation had existed only ten years, and there were no children.

Then the wife of a grocer's clerk came forward and was sworn. She proved that she was married in 1895, and had lived with her husband until 1900, when he deserted her. The husband had been divorced once before, and, as usual, there were no children.

They Made It Up in Court

As the parties to the eighth suit were being called an announcement was made which broke the monotony. The parties to the suit, while waiting the call of their case in the courtroom, became reconciled, and left the building to try life again together. One child!

The last case upon the call revealed the story of a young Italian who married a girl after two weeks' acquaintance. They lived together for eight months, after which, for some unexplained reason, she suddenly went to the bad. The Court reserved his decision and sent a subpœna for the wife, to find out the real state of affairs.

A moment's reflection reveals that in each of the above instances the complainant, aside from the question of remarriage, will be as well off without a divorce as with one. Even more clearly it appears that the defendant, the wrongdoer, is better off to be thus relieved of his obligations. In many instances the defendant is actually paying the expenses of the litigation against himself for the purpose of being enabled to marry again. And thus this cancerous evil continues to spread, until one is forced to ask in dread amazement: Where will be the end?

And now, what is the remedy? It is, I think, within easy reach. Throw more safeguards about the entrance to the marriage

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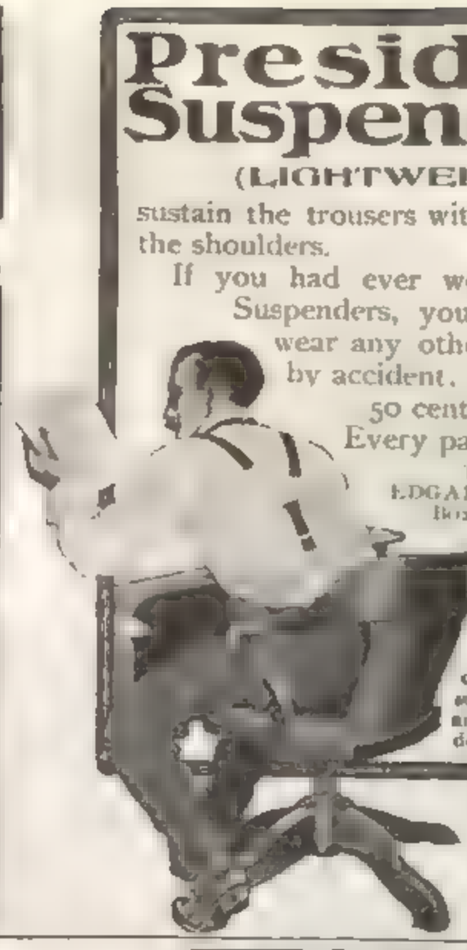

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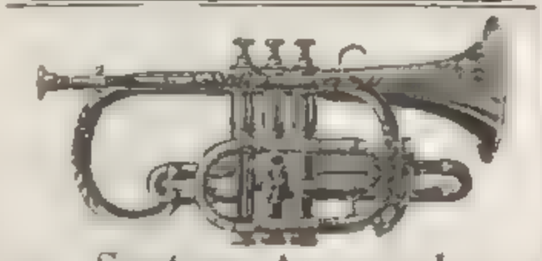

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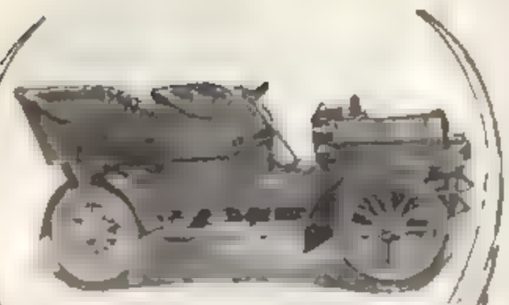

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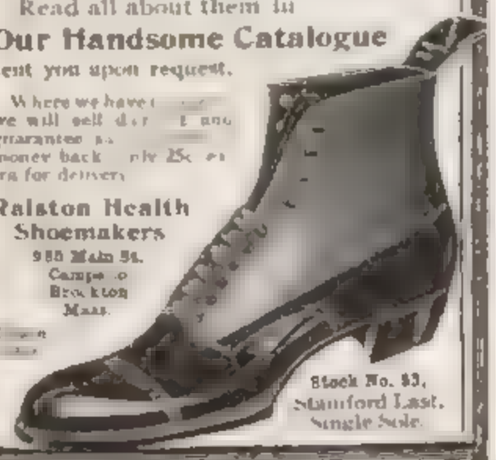

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relation and make its dissolution a thing of extreme difficulty. It is a relation the existence of which between man and woman is justified only upon the assumption that "through good report and evil report, through sickness and through health"—it shall last for life. That a marriage should be utterly destroyed only upon the highest provocation is no more than simple justice—not alone to the parties concerned, but also to the State.

There is a form of divorce known to the old law as divorce from bed and board which does not release the offending husband from his obligation to support, and which does not permit either party to remarry. This kind of separation, and this form only, should be granted in nearly all cases where now, under the statutes of several States, absolute divorce is allowed. Absolute divorce ought to be reserved for the one unforgivable crime, and in that case the wrongdoer should not be permitted to remarry.

The Punishment of Thoughtlessness

I am aware that such a rule would work great hardship upon many a young man and young woman whose worst crime was thoughtlessness, and that it would render hopeless of domestic enjoyment the lives of a great number of persons who were sinned against. However, one living husband or wife is about all that any one individual is entitled to. The remedy for existing conditions should go to the deepest root of the evil, and cases of individual hardship ought not to be permitted to obstruct the general welfare.

However, there is no hope that the good example in this regard set by the State of New York will be generally followed. But at the very least the divorce laws should be amended so as to prevent in every case the remarriage of the party in fault. The plea that such freedom is necessary to save the morals (I use the masculine pronoun for the reason that nine-tenths of the defendants are males) is arrant nonsense. He is probably waiting for his wife to get a divorce so that he may marry another woman, and after her still another. If the person against whom the divorce runs is forbidden to remarry we will have few divorces granted by mere consent of the parties.

In passing, it may be observed that the Austrian law has a wise provision which compels the parties to appear together before the court on three widely separated occasions and there to attempt a reconciliation.

In discussing these matters, it is unfair to brand with reproach a considerable number of the litigants, who are simply acting under the impulse of self-preservation. If a young man or a young woman finds himself or herself enmeshed in the hopeless misery of an unfortunate marriage what blame if he or she seek the relief sanctioned by the law? And if afterward the opportunity for a happy and honorable home presents itself, what reason for censure if such opportunity be taken? This article is not by any means to be considered a general reflection upon persons who have taken advantage of the statutes. In a sense, they may be victims of that same law. I speak only against the system in so far as it stands a menace to the remaining years, and urge that the law is unwise.

But the whole duty of the State is not performed by legislating upon the subject of divorce alone. The entrance to the marriage relation calls for even more careful attention. Causes for divorce will continue and domestic misery will follow marriage just so long as ill-considered, hasty unions are permitted by the laws. It should be a prerequisite to the issuance of a marriage license that the contracting parties, sixty days prior to the date of the wedding, shall have filed with the county clerk their application for such license, at the same time leaving the address of their parents—or, if the parents be dead, the address of their nearest living relatives. Thereupon the clerk should have mailed notices to these relatives and published the fact of such application.

Finally, the whole matter, in the words of the President, rests upon the hope that "cooperation among the several States can be secured, to the end that there may be enacted, upon the subject of marriage and divorce, uniform laws, containing all possible safeguards for the security of the family."

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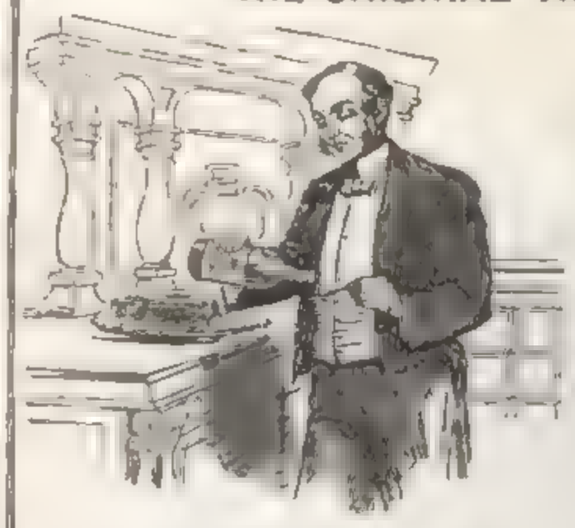

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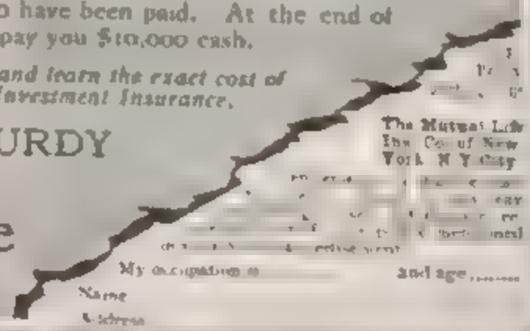

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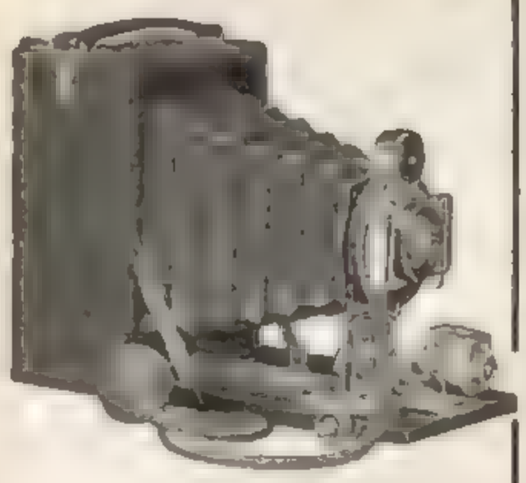

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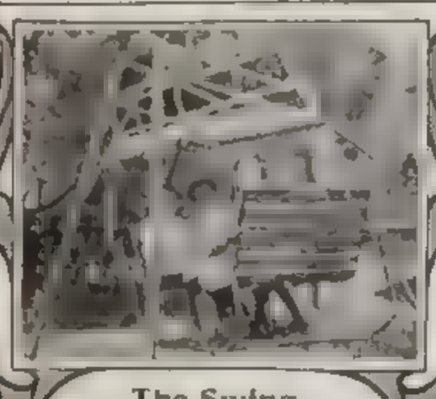

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MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. H 55, Chicago

A SOCIAL SECRETARY

(Continued from Page 11)

son belongs to both his parents, and, when he's grown up, to his wife. But a daughter—she would 'a' belonged to me always. And she had to up and die just when she was about to make up her mind to talk.'

I put my face down in my arms on the desk. "Tired, dear?" said "ma"—she's a born ma. "Of course, that's it. You're clean pegged out, working and worrying. You must put it all away and rest." And she sat down by me.

All of a sudden I couldn't help it—I put my head on her great, big bosom and burst out crying. "Oh, I'm so bad!" I said. "And you're so *good!*"

She patted me and kissed me on top of my head. "What pretty, soft hair you have, dear," she said, "and what a lot of it! My! My! I don't see how anybody that looks like you do could ever be unhappy a minute. You don't know what it means to be born homely and fat, and to have to work hard just to make people not object to having you about." And she went on talking in that way until I was presently laughing, still against that great, big bosom with the great, big heart beating under it. When I felt that it would be a downright imposition to stay there any longer I straightened up. I felt quite cheerful.

"Was there something worrying you?" she asked.

I blushed and hung my head. "Yes, but I can't tell you," said I. And I couldn't—could I? Besides, there somehow doesn't seem to be much of anything in all my brooding. What a nasty beast that Mrs. Tevis is!

FEBRUARY 12.—Mrs. Burke and I went to a reception at the Secretary of State's this afternoon. We saw Nadeshda's sister in the distance—that's where we've always seen her and the ambassador and the whole embassy staff ever since the "bust-up," except funny little De Pleyev. He, being of a mediatized family, does not need to disturb himself about ambassadorial frowns or smiles. It's curious what a strong resemblance there is between a foreigner of royal blood and a straightaway American gentleman. But, as I was about to write, this afternoon the distance between us and Madame l'Ambassadrice slowly lessened, and when she was quite close to us she gave us a dazzling smile apiece and said to Mrs. Burke: "My dear Madame Burke, you are looking most charming. You must come to us to tea. To-morrow? Do say yes—we've missed you so. My poor back; it almost shuts me out of the world." And she passed on—probably didn't wish to risk the chance that "ma's" puzzled look might give place to an expression of some kind of anger, and that she might make one of those frank speeches she's famous for.

"Well, did you *ever!*" exclaimed "ma" when the countess was out of earshot.

I said warningly: "Everybody's seen it and is watching you." And it was true. The whole crowd in those perfume steeped rooms was gaping, and the news had spread so quickly that a throng was pushing in from the tea-room, some of them still chewing.

Afterward we discussed it, and could come to but one conclusion—that the Robert-Nadeshda crisis had passed. But—do the Daraganes think that Nadeshda is safe from Robert, or have they decided to take him in? Certainly, *something* decisive has happened. And if Robert had anything to do with it it must have been stirring enough to make the Daraganes use the cable—how else could Nadeshda's sister have got her cue so soon?

FEBRUARY 15.—No news whatever of Robert and Nadeshda. Yesterday the ambassadress came here to tea and said to Mrs. Burke that she had had a letter from Nadeshda in which she sent us all her love—"especially your dear, splendid, big Monsieur Cyrus." Mr. and Mrs. Burke are to dine at the embassy [illegible] weeks from to-night—the ambassadress insisted on Mrs. Burke's giving her her first free evening, and that was it.

"I reckon we'll have to go," said "ma" after her departure, and while the odor of her frightfully powerful heliotrope scent was still heavy in the room, "though I doubt if I'll be alive by then. Sometimes it seems to me I've just got to knock off and take a clean week in bed. I thought I'd never think of drugs to keep me going as so many women

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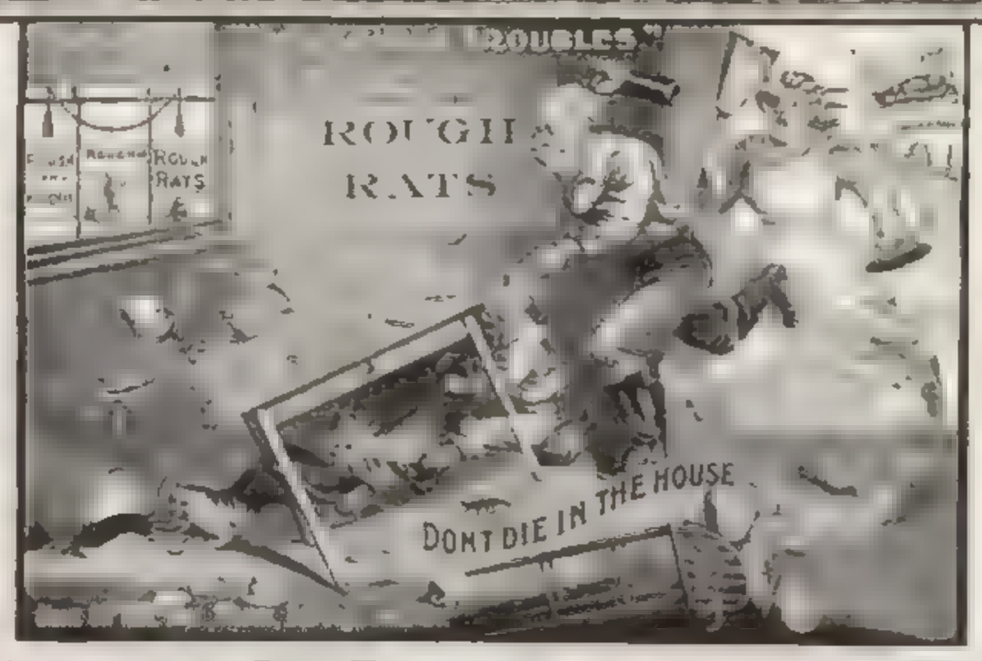

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Rough on Fleas powder, for dogs, etc. 25c
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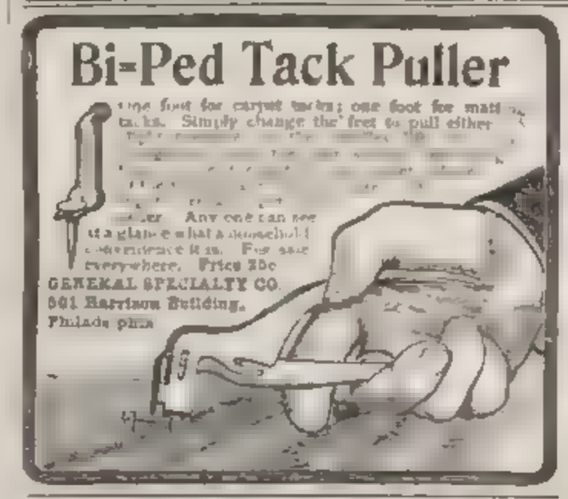

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[illegible] ely. Squabs [illegible] man can do [illegible] feed, no night [illegible] sit to attend (parent birds [illegible]

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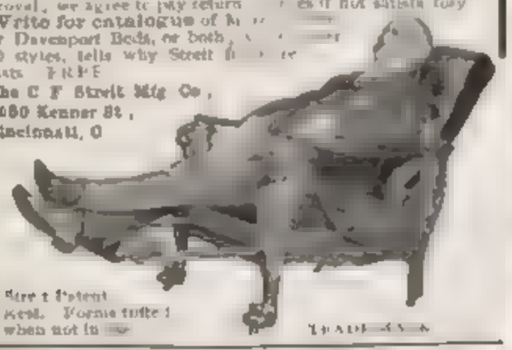

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advise. But I see I'm getting round to it. And I'm getting *that* fat in the body and *that* lean in the face! Did you ever see the like? I must 'a' lost three pounds off my face. And the skin's hanging there waiting for it to come back instead of shrinking. I'm glad my Tom never looks at me. I know to a certainty he ain't looked at me in twenty years. Husbands and wives don't waste much time looking at each other, and I guess it's a good, safe plan.

Mrs. Burke does look badly. I must take better care of her. Cyrus looks badly, too. I haven't seen him to talk to since he made his "strictly business" proposition. I suppose he wants me to realize that he isn't one of the pestering kind. I'm sorry he takes it that way, as I would have liked to have been friends with him. He quarreled so beautifully when we didn't agree. It's a great satisfaction to have some one at hand who both agrees and quarrels in a satisfactory way. But I don't dare make any advances to him. He might misunderstand.

I've just been laughing—at his cowlick. It is such an obstinate little swirl. And when he looks serious it looks so funnily frisky, and when he smiles it looks so fiercely serious and disapproving. Yesterday I hurried suddenly into the little room just off the ballroom, thinking it was empty. But Cyrus and his mother were there, and he was tickling her, and he looked so fond of her, and she looked so delighted, I slipped away without their seeing me.

FEBRUARY 16.—We gave our second big ball last night, with a dinner for sixty before.

It was just half past five this morning when the last couple came sneaking out from the alcove off the little room beyond the conservatory and, we pretending not to see them, scuttled away without saying good-night. Major-General Cutler danced with Mrs. Burke in the opening quadrille, and Mr. Burke danced with the British ambassadress—the ambassador is ill. I had Jim on my hands most of the evening—though I was flirting desperately with little d'Estourelle, he hung to me with a maddening, husbandish air of proprietorship. I don't see how I ever endured him, much less thought of marrying him. Cyrus Burke is a king beside him. Excuse me from men who think the fact that they've done a woman the honor of loving her gives them a property right to her. Mrs. Burke was the belle of the ball. She had a crowd of men round her chair all evening, laughing at everything she said.

FEBRUARY 17.—A cable from Robert Gunton at Hamburg this morning—just "Arrive Washington about March 3." That was all—worse than nothing. It is Lent, but there's no let up for us. We only get rid of the kind of entertainments that cost us the least trouble to plan and give, and we have to arrange more of the kind that have to be done carefully. Anybody can give a dance, but it takes skill to give a successful dinner.

FEBRUARY 19.—Nadeshda's sister said today, quite casually, to Jessie: "'Deshda's coming back, and we're so glad. The trip has done her *so* much good—in every way." Now, whatever did *that* mean?

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Impromptu Wit

FRANCIS WILSON studies his audiences carefully and his opinion of them is, therefore, always worth while. Said he, recently, to an interviewer:

"I may say, without exaggerating the situation, that in all probability one-third of the general public who go to the comic opera—especially in smaller towns and villages, actually believe that all the jokes, gags and witty conversations are extemporaneous. This is proved by the fact that hundreds of requests come to me asking that I insert such and such a joke in my lines, the joke usually consisting of an allusion to some prominent man in the place."

It was on the evening of the day of this interview that Mr. Wilson—long a resident of New Rochelle, where he has a handsome residence and a library of rare books—came before the curtain in New York, and, in answer to the call for "speech," began:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, and People from New Rochelle."

From the burst of laughter which greeted this typical sally one would never have imagined the seriousness of the preceding interview.

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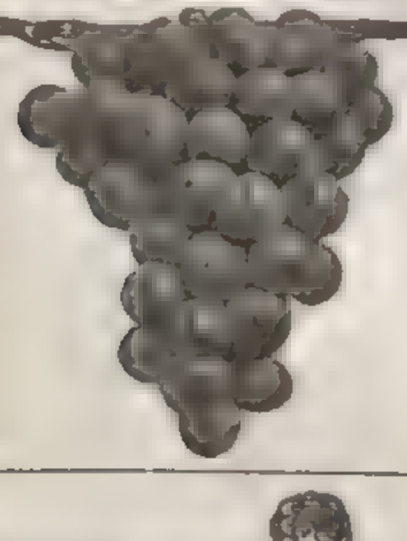

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$1.50 and more

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Makers of Cluett and Arrow Collars

The Speculations of John Steele

(Continued from Page 13)

some instructions in an undertone. The search party left under his leadership for the house, while Steele and the girl followed them at their leisure

When they reached the clearing Fletcher was awaiting them on the veranda

"If you will come with me, sir," he said, 'I shall take you to the guest house.'

"Dinner at seven. Fletcher will show you the way to the dining-room. Until then, *au revoir*." And the girl disappeared into the log house, while Fletcher escorted Steele to a building near by and ushered him into a sumptuous bedroom facing the lake. On the bed was laid out a suit of evening clothes and all that pertained to it.

"I think you will find this about your size, sir. If not I can get you one larger or smaller, as you wish."

"Good gracious," said Jack, "do you keep a clothing store out here in the backwoods?"

"Well, sir, for a country 'ouse situated as this is ——"

"So far from London, eh?"

"Well, yes, sir — we are very well stocked, sir; and now, sir, if you'd like a haircut, or your beard trimmed ——"

"Well, now, Fletcher, you don't look like an angel, but that's exactly what you are. I'll have the beard cut away entirely, but leave the mustache where it is, and if you give me the hair crop of an Englishman why, I've nothing more to ask in this life."

"Very good, sir," consented the admirable Fletcher.

When he had finished, and Jack looked in the mirror, he absent mindedly thrust his hand in his pocket, but brought it forth empty. Fletcher was regarding him with admiration

"By Jove," cried the young man, "I haven't a sou marquee on me, but I won't forget you, Fletcher. I'll see you later, as we say out West, and you won't lose by it."

"Well, sir, I think I remember you now, sir, and if I may make so bold as to say it, sir, I'm already in your debt. Her ladyship — I mean Miss Berrington — being as she was thrown from her horse, sir, and you 'andy to 'elp 'er, you got the right kind of introduction, after all, sir."

"Ah, Fletcher, it seems like it, doesn't it?"

When Miss Berrington entered the dining-room, and found her guest standing by the huge open log fire awaiting her, she stopped still for a moment in amazement, and then an expression of unqualified admiration came [illegible]

"Why — why ——" she hesitated as he came eagerly forward with a smile to meet her, "is this really Mr. Steele?"

"It is Fletcher's Mr. Steele, madam. You have tamed the bear, Miss Berrington, and Fletcher has groomed him, that's all."

"I remember, Mr. Steele, that you interdicted the topic of costume; but may I be permitted the vanity of congratulating both Fletcher and myself on our collaboration?"

Jack laughed as he led her to her place at the table

"In my youth I read once of an enchanted land, presided over by a fairy princess, so gracious and so good that when outside barbarians wandered into her realm they became what we would call civilized; but I never knew this land and this princess existed until to-day

In the soft glow of the shaded candles the expressive face of the girl seemed almost handsome. She wore no jewels, but even the young man's uncritical eye could not mistake the richness and exquisite design of her evening gown, which indicated that if this young woman shunned society she had at least chosen an artist for her dressmaker.

The dinner was excellent, and after it Constance Berrington put a shawl over her shoulders and asked her guest if he would not come outside and see the lake glittering in the [illegible] light. On the veranda he found what he considered a unique arrangement. This was an outside fireplace facing the platform, and in its depths roared a hickory fire, burning with a flame bright as electric light. Two screens of sailcloth drawn like curtains along the roof of the veranda partially fenced in this snug spot, leaving it open only toward the lake. The white yacht lay like a liner's ghost on the silver sea, bathed in the light of the moon, which was hidden from where they stood, and ever and anon the phantom ship gave forth melodious sounds that chimed the hours in nautical fashion, the peal charmingly mellowed by the intervening water.

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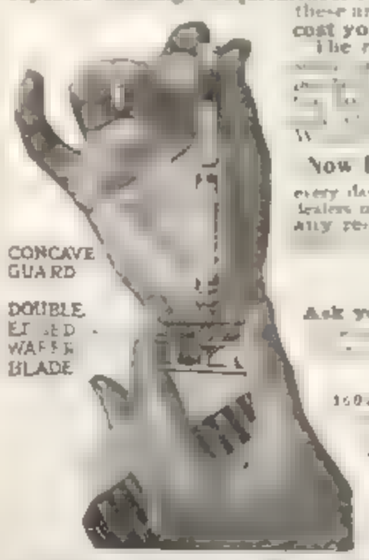

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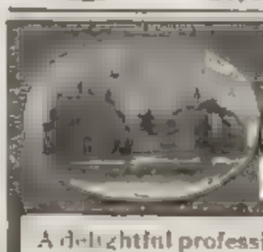

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EXCLUSIVE OUTFITTERS FOR MEN
338-344 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Jack laughed in boyish glee to find himself in such a paradise.

"I never saw anything so beautiful," he said, "nor have I ever known so ambitious a fireplace, trying to warm all outdoors."

Two rocking-chairs awaited them, and between these stood a round table on which the silent servant placed coffee and liqueurs. The hickory fire kindled a gleam of ineffable satisfaction in Steele's eyes when a box of cigars was placed before him.

"May I really smoke?" he asked.

"I believe that is what they are for," replied the girl with a smile. Then, when they were alone, she said seriously:

"Mr. Steele, you must tell me the particulars of the conspiracies you referred to."

"Dear princess," he answered earnestly, "do you think I am going to talk finance in the land of enchantment? Not likely. Do monetary centres exist in the world? I don't believe it. Are people struggling anywhere to defeat each other? This silver silence denies it."

"But the silence is not going to deny me," she persisted. "I must know. You said I was responsible."

"I said such a thing? Never! You are thinking of the barbarian whom you quite justly tried to ride down in the forest. He said many stupid and false things for which I absolutely refuse to assume responsibility. Reluctantly I admit that that barbarian was my ancestor, but a thousand years have passed since he lived, and I say the race has improved." He blew a whiff of smoke into the still air, and, watching it waft upward, murmured softly: "And yet those wretched comic papers say a woman cannot choose cigars."

"I am glad they are good. It was not I who chose them, but Mr. Nicholson."

"Ye gods!" Steele whispered huskily, "I had forgotten that man existed. For years he has never been out of my mind before."

The girl's eloquent eyes were fixed upon him.

"That name," she said, "has brought you to earth again. Now tell me what he did."

"Miss Berrington," Steele insisted, "you are no more responsible for what Mr. Nicholson did than I am for the actions of the savage who seized your horse. Let me forget again that either the white Indian or the savage ever lived."

"No," she said, "you must tell me."

And so he did tell her, sometimes puffing at his cigar like a steam-engine; again almost allowing it to go out. The narration was vivid, but possibly it might have been more interesting if he had not substituted the father for the daughter in Miss Alice Fuller's case. When the recital was finished the girl shivered a little, and seeing he noticed it she said:

"I think it is getting cold in spite of our fire, and now I shall bid you good-night. I have to thank you for the most interesting day and evening I have ever spent in my life. Good-night, and I hope you will not dream of Mr. Nicholson."

He arose and took the hand she offered, raising it, before she was aware, to his lips, but she made no motion, whether of approval or the reverse.

"Princess," he said, "I know of whom I shall dream."

She laughed a little and was gone.

The informative Fletcher told Steele that the breakfast hour was nine, and the grandfather-clock was striking as he entered the dining-room next morning. The fragrance of the coffee-urn was stimulating to a man from the keen outer air, and the girl who presided over it turned toward him a smiling face, radiant as the dawn. Steele spread out his arms.

"What do you think of this?" he cried, jovial as a lad with a holiday. "This is the other suit."

"Dear me," replied Constance Berrington; "how came it here?"

"I was up this morning before five, donned my rags, tramped to my hut, comforted my negro, who was nearly white with panic at my absence, put on the other suit, and here I am."

"Well, if you do not enjoy your breakfast after that I shall admit my cook inferior to yours. Why didn't you take one of the horses?"

"Never thought of it. I seemed to be walking in mid-air."

"Then come down to earth, and buckwheat pancakes and maple syrup. Do you prefer tea or coffee?"

"Oh, coffee, of course! The aroma excels all the scents of Araby."

The breakfast was even more intimate and more delightful than the dinner had been.

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Daylight had not removed the glamour from the land of enchantment. When the meal was finished Constance Berrington arose and said:

"Before you go I wish to show you my library."

He followed her into this attractive room, its walls lined with books. Here and there were cozy alcoves and recesses, with leather-covered easy chairs. A table of carved oak occupied the centre of the room, and beside this the girl came to a stand, while he glanced around him in admiration. "I have never had much time for reading," he said, "but I do envy you this room. I have some friends among the literary coterie of my town, and have been honored now and then by a few presentation copies of their writings."

"Then I wish you to accept some of mine. My writings may not be very literary, but they are concise and to the point."

She placed a slip of paper before him, and glancing at it he saw it was a check for $10,000,000. Then he looked up at her, a slow smile coming to his lips, and shook his head. "Princess, this is for the savage, not for me. The savage is dead."

"You are his heir, remember."

"No; we are too far removed from each other, the savage and I. Think of the centuries between us. Less than ten years outlaws all claim."

"You must accept it. It is mere transference, as you quite rightly pointed out. It does not belong to me, but to you."

The young woman spoke with tense eagerness, and the former frown came into her brow before she had finished. Steele picked up the check.

"That's right," she said with a sigh of relief.

But Steele slowly tore the signature from the check and placed her name in his pocket-book.

"Give me the hope that this may prove my return ticket to Paradise, and I am satisfied. Miss Berrington, you called me a coward yesterday, and you spoke the truth. I was, but I hope I am one no longer. I am young and reasonably ambitious. The world is before me. I shall begin where I began half a dozen years ago. I do not need your money."

"I shall write you another check; you must accept it."

"You dare not."

"Why?"

"Because I am your guest, and I forbid you. The rules of hospitality, madam, extend even to the land of enchantment."

"Is the guest so cruel, then"—there was a pathetic quaver in the voice—"as to leave his hostess to brood over this weight of obligation? Will he not thus, in the only possible way, lift that weight from her shoulders?"

"No!" cried Jack, coming swiftly around the table to her. "I shall lift her and the obligation together." As he spoke he picked her up as if she were a child, and placed her on the table before him. "I'll not accept your check, but I ask you to accept me."

For an instant her eyes blazed up as if lighted from within, then dulled again. She did not in the least resent his boisterous action, but she shook her head and said:

"I shall never marry a man who is not in love with me, and I am too insignificant a woman for any man to love me for myself."

"Insignificant! Magnificent is the word! Why, Constance Berrington, you are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. Your face makes every other in the world insipid. I'm not going to try and persuade you that I love you, because you know it. You knew it last night. You saw it in my eyes, and I saw the knowledge in yours. Curse the money! I'll make all the money I need if I have you by my side. What is money, anyhow? I've made it and lost it, and I can make it again and lose it again. Constance, let us take that yacht, go to Duluth, and be married before a magistrate for ten dollars, like a lumberman and his girl."

She looked up at him and smiled, then down again, then up once more, and he kissed her.

"Oh, don't," she cried; "there is some one coming!"

A knock sounded at the door, and Miss Berrington sprang down from the table.

"You have touched the electric bell that is under the carpet," she whispered quickly with a nervous laugh; then "Come in," she cried, and the servant entered.

Steele was turning the pages of a magazine; Constance Berrington stood in the middle of the floor.

"Did you ring, miss?"

"Yes; tell the captain to get the yacht ready. I am going to Duluth."

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